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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Deloraine. By the Author of "Caleb Williams." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Bentley.

The characteristics of Mr. Godwin's style are too well known now to need recapitulation: his are works best to be appreciated by the artist,—full of thought, and of the *matériel* of thought, and founded on some unusual and trying situation, wherein is "much matter for curious speculation." *Deloraine* is cast in the same mould as its predecessors; and the best idea we can give of its contents will be to select some of its most peculiar passages.

Distinction between love and friendship:

"With a male friend each party has his own pretensions, is careful to maintain his ground, and feels a rivalship even in the midst of the most entire apparent reciprocity. There is a jealousy; each party lays down the law, the law of his own mind, takes care that there is a clear stage, and summons his faculties to enable him to render the justice due to his case; even when he listens to his friend, when he attends with deference, and is grateful for the light he receives, still he thinks of himself, is anxious that he should not be found in the act of betraying the clearness and independence of his understanding, and in the warmest paroxysms of amity remembers that he and the partner of his heart are distinct beings. In the graver and more sentimental communications of man and man, the head still bears the superior sway; in the unreserved intimacies of man and woman, the heart is ever uppermost. Feeling is the main thing; and judgment passes for little. We go immediately to the point, not whether this thing or that thing is true, but how do you like this thing or that—what pulse of approbation or disapprobation, of delight, of emotion, or sympathy, does it rouse in your bosom? If I and my male friend agree in a certain opinion, it is well; I feel so much the more kindly towards him, so much more gratification in our acquaintance. Still, however, we are two. But with a female, and that female the object of my growing partiality and preference, every new agreement of sentiment and approbation brings us nearer to each other, removes one more brick from the wall which originally separated us, dissolves our several identities, and, as it were, melts us, like different chemical substances, in one crucible, and mingles us in heart and spirit, with a feeling that we can never thereafter be divided."

An every-day truth:

"The frailty of our nature is such, that that which presents itself to us each day as surely as the rising of the sun, never fails to be rated by us below its value, and to be regarded with a degree of negligence and apathy."

Accurate remark:

"There is something exceedingly different in the effect produced upon the human mind by the irreversible decrees of fate, and when the gates of death are for ever closed on our conjectures. We submit to the authority and the harsh edicts of our fellow-creatures, but always with a reserve. The casket they present to us is like that of Pandora: it contains an accumulation of the direst calamities; but Hope is at the bottom. We have still a secret hoard laid up in the mind; there is an uneasy thought, like a living worm, gnawing at our vitals, and suggesting, in spite of ourselves, the imagination, This is not final; all these things may be reversed. Not so when death has shut up the scene. Hope, the last possession of the wretched, is then departed. And, strange as it may seem, the heart grows more quiet; its pain becomes blunted and dull; and though happiness, it may be, is farther from us than ever, we fold our arms, and become inert and passive as a statue."

Mutual study:

"We read much together; and, to those who have not tried it, it would be difficult to conceive the new sources of enjoyment that are opened by this mode of proceeding. There is no pleasure that is not damped and checked by being reaped alone. To the solitary reader his books are indeed a dead letter. To feel that the conceptions and images imparted to the mind from the unliving and unconscious page strike at once on the sensorium of two, enhances the gratification tenfold. The eyes of both parties meet. A smile of approbation, or a glance of censure, springs up on either side, and gives new life to their common occupation. We lay down the book; or we point to the page, and say, What means this? or, What ought we to think of it? The very idea, expressed in words, or only by an involuntary gesture, This is excellent; or, Is this altogether as it should be?—makes the proposition, the fact, or the sentiment, leap as it were from the insensible page, and become impregnate with life. When a difficulty presents itself to a solitary reader, he either slurs it over with indolence, or he investigates it with a sullen perseverance, stripped of the true intellectual charm. But when two persons bring together the force of their combined intellect, and contribute the stores of their several observation and experience, while even the difference of their humours and temperament sensibly adds to the light collected in the common focus, then the question is pursued honestly and in good faith, and neither party lays aside the weapons of his warfare, till he has achieved a common victory over the difficulty towards which their efforts had been directed."

Identity:

"The moral government of man in society to a great degree hinges upon the question of identity; in other words, that every man is recognisable by his fellows. The system of the world is such, that, amidst the thousands of millions of human creatures that inhabit this globe of earth, each one is individualised by his features, his figure, his carriage, his voice, and a multitude of almost unassignable particulars, so that he is at once identified by the most superficial observer. There is something in the outline and carriage of every man, by which he does not fail to be singled out and challenged by his acquaintance, as far as he can be seen. The distinctions are subtle, and, as we might at first think, in a manner undefinable; yet are such as to answer every practical purpose. Were it not for this, what would be the moral and civil government of mankind? There may perhaps be persons so firm in rectitude, that, if no human creature were privy to their offence, if only 'the midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,' they yet would not endure the consciousness of their own degradation. But the mass of mankind are not thus constituted. They are held in awe by the opinions and censure of each other. Reputation is the breath of their nostrils, the element by which they respire. The construction that shall be made of their proceedings is the thought that awes them; and even the judgment they shall make of themselves is regulated by the judgment of their neighbours. We are members of a community, and can be scarcely said, any one of us, to have a rational existence independent of our fellows. And if this is the case in comparatively trifling particulars, and what may be called the minor morals, how much more essential will it be found in those weightier matters by which society is prevented from falling into anarchy and barbarism? Who can tell how few are those individuals who would be withheld from invading the property of others, infringing their freedom, or breaking into the chamber of their lives, were not the rest of mankind set, as it were, as a watch upon their actions; and did they not severely retaliate, by legal proceeding or otherwise, upon the aberrations of the transgressor?"

The author of *Caleb Williams* is now a very old man, arrived at the period of existence when most men, worn out alike in body and mind, ask for that repose, which is as it were the oncoming of their last sleep. Mr. Godwin requires not this rest; he is still indefatigable, thoughtful, and delighting in mental subtleties. Perhaps the most striking criticism that could be made on these volumes, would be simply to state—*Deloraine* is the work of a man upwards of eighty years of age.

A Moral and Political Sketch of the United States of North America. By Achille Murat, ci-devant Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies, and Citizen of the United States. *With a Note on Negro Slavery.* By Junius Redivivus. 12mo. pp. 402. London, 1833, Wilson; Dublin, Wakeman; Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes.

The disposition of many of the Buonaparte family to science and literature is not one of the qualities belonging to it which we are least inclined to honour. The brothers — Lucien, Joseph, Louis—all merit this distinction; and now we have before us, in the second generation, an aspirant to that pacific fame which results from the successful cultivation of the mind, and a devotion to the cause of letters.

We have of late had so many works on America, its republican form of governments, its parties, its religion, its laws and their ad-

ministration, its political economy, &c., and have entered so largely into these subjects in our pages, that we shall confine ourselves (at any rate in the first instance), in our notice of this interesting volume, to local topics, which offer somewhat different views. We shall thus avoid repetition, and introduce a little variety; though we confess it will be at the expense of justice to the more important discussions of the author. In the preface, he tells us—

"I expect that my letters will draw upon me much criticism. There will be superficial travellers who will find that I have not described faithfully. Let them remember, that they cannot pretend to know the country as intimately as I do, who, not only have lived there more than nine years, but who have engaged in all sorts of business. I married there, and there I have a family and numerous friends dear to me, and whose esteem I highly prize. I have travelled a good deal about the country, am settled in the woods, where I have seen a new nation spring up; have seen it pass through all the possible degrees of civilisation. I am a lawyer, a planter, an officer of militia; I have filled, according to circumstances, other offices, either by the appointment of government or the election of my fellow-citizens. There is not one of the questions adverted to in these letters that I have not discussed daily, and often in public. In short, I am truly become an American in heart and habits, and certainly I shall always feel myself honoured by the title of citizen of the United States, and by the proofs of esteem and attachment which I have received every where from this nation,—a nation the most reasonable, the most sensible, and the least easy in the world to be dazzled. And dazzled by what? . . . . . I was poor, alone, exiled."

Of a part of the Union, in the existing aspect of affairs, the following is worthy of much attention:—

"North Carolina is a bad imitation of Virginia; its interests and politics are the same, and it navigates in its own waters. Notwithstanding its gold mines, it is the poorest state of the Union, and the one which supplies most emigrants to the new lands. South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, constitute what is properly called the South. Their interest is purely agricultural; their productions are cotton, long and short, sugar, rice, and maize, all which require slave-labour, and yield a sufficiently good profit to deter them from any other employment of their funds. The excellence of the land, together with the luxurious climate, so well second the labour of the cultivator, that it is much more advantageous to employ the negroes in the field than in the factory. Although character necessarily varies considerably over so large an extent of country, the features of a common race are discernible. Their frankness, generosity, hospitality, and liberality of opinion, have become proverbial, and form a perfect contrast to the Yankee character, much to the disadvantage of the latter. In the midst of this group stands South Carolina, conspicuous for a combination of talents unequalled throughout the Union. The society of Charleston is the best I have met with in my travels, whether on this or on your side of the Atlantic. In respect to finish, and elegance of manners, it leaves nothing to be desired, and, what is of more value with people who, like you and me, attach little importance to mere politeness, it swarms with real talent, and that without the alloy of pedantry. In all questions of a common interest, this state always leads. The politics of the other states, except Georgia, are not yet sufficiently of a decided character to justify me in speaking of them. As to Georgia, with pain I must declare to you, that nothing can equal the fury of its factions, unless it be those of Kentucky: in the latter, however, the contention is for principles; whilst the disputes of Georgia are merely about men. The present governor has pushed matters so far that the evil is in a fair way of being cured by its very excess. The other states form the west; incomparably the largest and richest part of the Union, it will be ere long, if it be not already, the most populous; power will follow shortly, as well as luxury, instruction, and the arts, which are its consequences. Their interests are manufacturing and agricultural; the former bearing the chief sway. The character of the people is strongly marked by a rude instinct of robust liberty, degenerating often into licentiousness, a simplicity of morals, and an uncouthness of manners, approaching occasionally to coarseness and cynical independence. These states are too immature to enable me to say much of their politics, which are, for the most part, sour and ignorant. Universities, established every where with luxury, afford promise of a generation of better informed politicians, who will have their fathers' faults under their eyes to assist in their own enlightenment."

The details of settling the new lands are not only curious, but extremely characteristic and amusing. When a district is marked out for sale, and "these geodætical operations are taking place, the government gets organised; the governor, generally a distinguished man, and intending to settle in the territory, arrives with his family and negroes. The judges arrive in their turn; the lawyers follow them, with what Figaro calls 'all the ravenous lawshops of the country.' All these official persons have families and friends who come to settle. The legislature assembles in the middle of a wood; a log-hut is erected, a little larger, but as rudely constructed as usual; and there the rustic assembly sits with as much dignity, and often with as much talent, as it could do in the capital. What can be the subjects of legislation, it will be inquired, in a society so new, and of which, so to speak, there exists but the frame-work? They are these: to determine a spot for the capital and other towns, if deemed expedient; divide the territory into counties; organise the justices of peace and the superior courts; make civil and criminal laws (for this assembly, though held in tutelage to Congress, is already sovereign); in short, to petition Congress upon all subjects that it may deem proper. This first session of the council gives an immense advance to the territory; but that which gives it body is the sale of the public lands. The president, when he thinks proper, issues a proclamation, announcing, that at such a time and place certain public lands will be sold. A register and a receiver are appointed by the president, and the great auction-day at length arrives—a day of the highest importance to the little growing society. Immediately on the issuing of the proclamation, the country begins filling with strangers; some seeking for lands to settle in as soon as possible; others for a son or a son-in-law; others merely speculators, who buy only to sell again. These all spread themselves over the country with their compasses in hand, according to the marked lines, examining the lands, taking notes, keeping profound silence, and avoiding one another. Perhaps some of them have bought from a surveyor the supposed secret of an excellent and unknown section: little portable plans, mysteriously figured, circulate privately. Nothing is talked of but lands, their qualities, probable prices, &c. Intrigues and knavery the most unblushing display themselves in all their lustre. The rising capital in which this sale takes place has, however, assumed a form since the session of the council. A plan has been adopted: the streets have been cleaned; the lots sold on credit; a capitol or court-house has been decided on. A crowd of people are waiting at the sales, at the courts, at the assemblies of the legislatures. Taverns rise up—empty the greater part of the year, their open walls are filled on these memorable occasions beforehand. The cloth is laid for thirty persons. Two or three large rooms, which you would not deign to call barns, receive, in a dozen beds, twice that number of occupants: those who cannot find better room, extend themselves in their bed-clothes on the floor. No places reserved for dining or sleeping; we are too much of republicans for that. Every one pays his dollar, and has a right to eat and sleep where he pleases, provided he does not disturb a former occupant. It is understood that a bed contains two individuals, and nobody is so ridiculous as to trouble himself about who is next to him, any more than in the pit of a theatre. The great day at last arrives. The crowd of busy and curious people is augmented; the speculator, the jobber, are in motion and consultation; the farmer, whose object is to settle, is calm: he has limited his views, and fixed his price. The hour approaches; the poor squatter runs about the town: he has been labouring all the year that he may buy the land upon which his house is situated—perhaps, for want of a dollar or two, it will be taken from him by greedy speculators. Anxiety and trouble are depicted upon his honest and wild countenance. A jobber accosts him, pities him, and offers to withdraw his pretensions for the sum of three dollars: the poor simpleton gives them to him, not doubting that the jobber cannot now bid against him. This is what is called hush-money. The crier puts up the lands by eighths, beginning by a section and township in regular order: the prices are different, but the sale always opens at one dollar twenty-five cents per acre: this is the lowest price at which the United States sell. An old Indian village, a situation for a mill, the plantation of a squatter, a place to which a road or a river leads, or which seems likely to become the seat of a city or entrepôt, are so many circumstances which augment the value of lands tenfold or more; all the sales, too, being made according to lines real or imaginary, it often happens that the field or dwelling of a squatter is found cut in two. The sale, and the bustle which it occasions, continue until all the lands contained in the proclamation have been offered; those which remain after that in the possession of the United States may be entered for 100 dollars per eighth. Those, then, who are acquainted with the good lands, and know that they are the only ones, do better to wait till this time; for there being no competitors, they obtain them at a low price. * * * Meanwhile the inhabitants of the townships, particularly the innkeepers, have made a good deal of money. Instead of their log-houses, elegant houses of timber-work and planks, painted all sorts of colours, have risen, as if by enchantment, in the midst of the woods, now called a town. Trees are felled on all sides; the burnt stumps indicate the streets and public places.

The importance of the place is soon augmented by a post-office (there was none before), and the residence of a post-master — an important personage; for, in the present state of things, the accession of a family, or even of an individual, is not a matter of indifference. By this time newspapers are abundant; every one, besides a paper from Washington, or from some Atlantic town, receives that of the village from which he has emigrated; for every village has its own, and we shall soon have ours. Reviews and magazines, literary journals, novelties of every sort, come to us from New York, Philadelphia, and England, at a moderate price, and a month or two after their publication over the Atlantic. I had read, I have no doubt, the last romance of Sir Walter Scott before it had reached Vienna. * * * A judge arrives, generally a man of merit, but not unfrequently, in this state of society, the refuse of the other tribunals. No court-house is yet in existence; the judge, therefore, selects the largest room of a tavern, or a spacious loft. I have seen the court sitting in a warehouse, in which planks laid upon barrels of pork or meal formed the seats of the audience. A court-week is of course an occasion of excitement and profit for the innkeepers. The people come in crowds from fifty miles round, either on business or out of curiosity. The epoch of this concourse is turned to account by all those who have any thing to gain by the public; one offers his negro for sale; another exhibits the graces of his stallion, that he may attract customers; the lawyers look out for clients, the doctor for patients. The sheriff opens the court and calls the causes — the noise ceases. Upon a couple of planks are ranged twenty-four freemen, heads of families, housekeepers, forming the grand jury. What an assemblage! from the hunter in breeches and skin shirt, whose beard and razor have not met for a month—the squatter in straw hat, and dressed in stuffs manufactured at home by his wife — the small dealer, in all the exaggerated graces of the counter, sitting beside the blacksmith — up to the rich planter, recently arrived: all ranks, all professions, are here confounded. Silence is commanded. The lawyers begin their pleadings with more or less talent; the judge makes his charge with as much dignity as if he sat at Westminster; and the verdicts savour nothing of the whimsical appearance of the court and the jury. In the evening the court adjourns till the next day, when the same scene takes place. It must be added, that the pleaders harangue the people in the taverns upon the justice of their cause, &c. This is also the moment selected by candidates for the office of delegate to present themselves to the people: they and their friends are busy in gaining the suffrages of the multitude by every possible means of persuasion, and sometimes of deception. Stories of the candidates are, by turns, related and denied; each harangues, or gets his friends to harangue, the people in his behalf. Disputes ensue and finish, in general, by boxing, particularly towards evening, when temperance is not the order of the day; for each candidate has treated his friends. It is, however, in the country places that an election should be seen. The day arrives. For some months previous the candidates and their friends have been in motion, making their calls from habitation to habitation, trying to persuade, accuse, explain, &c. In general, the friends take more trouble than the candidates themselves. The governor, by proclamation, fixes the day, and divides the country into precincts, in each of which he chooses a central house, and appoints three election-judges. These three dignitaries of a day meet on the morning, and swear, kissing the Bible, to conduct themselves with integrity, &c. They seat themselves round a table at a window: an old cigar-box, duly patched up, with a hole in the lid, a sheet of paper, and a writing-desk, form the materials of the establishment. Every one presents himself outside of the window, gives his name, which is registered upon the paper, deposits his ballot in a box presented to him, and withdraws; if the judges doubt his qualification as to residence or age, they administer an oath to him. Within the room every thing passes in an orderly manner; but it is not the same outside. The wood is soon filled with horses and carts; the electors arrive in troops, laughing and singing, often half tipsy since the morning, and exciting one another to support their favourite candidate; they or their friends present themselves to the electors as they arrive, with ballots ready prepared, often printed, and expose themselves to their jokes and coarseness. Every new comer is questioned about his vote, and is received with applause or hisses. An influential man presents himself to vote, declares his opinion and his reasons in a short speech; the tumult ceases for a moment, and he draws away many people after him: nobody offers to molest him. In the meantime the whisky circulates; towards evening every body is more or less tipsy, and it is not often that the sovereign people abdicate their power without a general battle, in which nobody knows what he is about, and in which all those who have managed to retain their carriage take good care not to embroil themselves. Every one goes home to sleep; the judges scrutinise the suffrages, and send the result to the capital. The next day beater and beat are as good friends as if nothing had happened, for every one has learned from his childhood to submit to a majority. *Vox populi, vox Dei,* is here an absolute axiom. It should be observed, that the public interest does not suffer from these tumults, because, generally, every one has made up his mind long before voting, and holds to it, drunk or sober. The excitement of an election is very soon over. Before it takes place, nothing else is talked of; the next day there is no more question about it than about the great Mogul. * * * In this rapid sketch I have not spoken of religion, because, usually in this state of society, it is a disgusting imposture under the name of methodism, or baptism, and I care not to speak of it."

In his fourth letter the author insists on the necessity of slavery in the southern provinces, and excuses, if he does not defend, the system. This chapter will no doubt be severely attacked: it is directly at issue in almost every point with our philanthropical abolitionists. On his statements touching religion, he may also expect little mercy; for he is sore upon many of its professors. We cannot resist an extract relating to them and the Temperance Societies.

"This last society, in particular, is very singular, and very much extended. The members engage never to drink any distilled liquor, nor to permit its use in their families; but nothing hinders them from drinking wine. In that they mistake the Creator for a bad chemist. The number of these societies is always increasing by hundreds, because there is forthwith one at least of each sort in each state, and for each sect or denomination. Thus there are Protestant-episcopal, Methodist-episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Evangelical, &c., Tract Societies for the State of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, &c. &c. There is no end to them. Of course, whatever may be the object of the society, there must be at least a secretary and a treasurer, an office, office charges, printing, postage, clerks, and all the appointments of a public office, all which are filled by preachers, and more or less remunerated. This explains a little how it is that the vineyard of the Lord is so flourishing; it is by these means that immense sums are extracted from the pockets of the people. There is certainly no clergy so costly to the people as the American clergy; but it is only fair to add, that these contributions are strictly voluntary; and I, for instance, have no right to complain, for no preacher ever received a cent from me. But that you may see their proceedings in all their lustre, transport yourself to the end of Nassau Street, in New York; there you will see a magnificent building, with white marble steps and front: it belongs to a Bible Society, as the gold letters above indicate. Go in: a long corridor gives access to numerous rooms with mahogany doors; read the inscriptions on these doors: 'office of such or such a society;' 'office of the Rev. Mr. Such-a-one, treasurer or secretary of such or such a society.' Proceed further, you will find a great bloated reverend gentleman perched upon a three-foot stool before a desk, busy in posting his ledger; around him some junior reverends assist him in his labour. You are, to all intents and purposes, in a counting-house. I know it, because I have had drafts upon these gentlemen; and all the difference I have found between them and a banker has been, that they always invited me to give up the change to them, for the purposes of the society. A young man, therefore, who enters into the church, always finds his place, and the means of making, if not a fortune, at least of drawing from thence a pleasant existence amidst abundance. If he be good-looking, he marries; if a man of talent, he preaches, becomes the head of a sect, and writes; if he have an aptitude for business, he invents some new society, takes upon himself the direction of its affairs, and look about you as sharply as you please, you will be cheated. You will ask me, probably, after reading this, if religion, supported by such means, and disposing of such capitals, does not make great progress, and if it does not bid fair soon to penetrate every thing? On the contrary, with difficulty does it keep its footing: it is like a ship sailing against the tide, which seems to make much way if we look at the water, and remains stationary in respect to the shore; in the same way is the church carried away by the great current of opinions, literature, and modern philosophy, which nothing can resist. This, above all, is the great opposing power, and which will certainly end by overthrowing the Christian religion. Perhaps even this overthrow, considered as that of a complete system, is more advanced in the United States than is generally believed. But, besides that, other causes conspire to the same effect; the rising influence of the Unitarian sect is, perhaps, one of the most powerful. Pure theists, enlightened and virtuous philosophers, they do not, it is true, openly attack superstition, but they take away the support of their names, which is much. Boston, for instance, was the centre of bigotry; it is become that of this philosophic sect, and the chief seat of letters. Every distinguished man in that city, whether in politics or literature, is an Unitarian. The University of Cambridge, which is near by, is the head quarters of the sect, and it spreads from one end of the Union to the other. But, in addition to this, there are other philosophic sects which make a direct war on religion."

The *ci-devant* Prince of the Two Sicilies having been transformed into an American citizen and lawyer, writes rather diffusely and favourably of the administration of law and justice in the United States. The end of a dissertation on the different colours and capacities in the races of mankind, gives us a well-told story.

"As to curiosities (says the author), I have little taste for such as have no other merit; and I confess I do not partake in the taste of the Emperor Francis for the Bushmen. You must recollect that about 1820, when the frigate which had conveyed the Emperor of Austria's daughter to Brazil returned, it brought over a family of Brazilian savages, as a present from the Emperor Don Pedro to the Emperor Francis. The latter received these foreigners with much kindness, and conceived for them the tenderest friendship. He had a pretty little hut built for them, in the midst of a small wood in the palace garden, where they were perfectly free, (Austrian fashion!) enclosed within iron rails. The good emperor passed whole hours in their company, and marvelled greatly at their smallest actions. It was said publicly in Vienna, that the Holy Alliance had had them brought over to serve as a model of the degree of civilisation to which Prince Metternich wished to carry the civilisation of Europe: I cannot vouch for the truth of this, not being in his confidence; but it is certain that a family of Hungarian adventurers took a fancy to play the Bushmen. They reddened their bodies, pierced their lips and ears, and run sticks through them, like their prototypes. The father, who retained his colour and usual dress, made an exhibition of his sons and daughters in a state of nudity, but painted red, for so much money. Spoken to in German, they answered in the Bushman tongue. A live cat was given to them, which the lady strangled with admirable dexterity, and the family devoured it perfectly raw. To see them make this repast the charge was double. I do not know how many meals they had in a day; but, after having collected a hundred thousand florins Wiener Warung, they decamped, informing the good people of Vienna of the trick they had played them. A play was made of it at the K. K. P. Leopold Stadt Theater. Now I ask you whether there was not as much pleasure in seeing these Hungarians eat a cat as if they had been genuine Bushmen? And what is there so curious and so attractive in the Northern Indian, that he should be made so great an object of interest? Do not judge of them by the descriptions of Cooper, who has always tried to make gentlemen of his Indians; who has even given them very delicate sentiments towards the fair sex, quite out of nature. The wife of an Indian is his beast of burden; in travelling or in the field, she it is who carries on her back all the baggage; and she is beaten by every body, even by her children. As to the Indian, he is physically brave, morally a coward; he is patient from necessity; moreover, some of them have a good deal of natural sagacity."

We now turn to points which we chiefly contemplated in the few introductory lines to this report,— the account of the American periodical press, coming from so ardent a friend to free discussion, or, in our new language, the uncramped *diffusion of knowledge*.

"The publication of newspapers and their circulation, so far from being shackled by duties, securities, and stamps, or being restricted by the post, is encouraged as much as possible. Consequently newspapers multiply. Every town or village has, at least, one; and every shade of opinion, however slight, is sure of having its interpreter. Every thing is known, every thing is discussed, every thing is explained, and the sole means in the United States of not being discovered is to have no mystery. Guided by a light so sure, the people form their judgments, and are never deceived in their verdict."

"I am not inclined (however, adds M. Murat) to defend the American periodical press. There are hardly four or five good papers in the crowd; the rest copy these, and shew very little delicacy in the means of which they avail themselves to support their opinions. But their virulence acts as an antidote to itself; and besides, a personality never remains without an answer, so that the deplorable spirit which animates them, produces no effect upon ears accustomed to hear the reproaches put forth by opposite parties. At the time of the contested election between Adams and Jackson, the newspapers of the two parties assumed so virulent a tone, and published so many calumnies, that it was truly disgusting to look into them. Whoever believed them, might have sincerely commiserated the fate of the nation, obliged to choose between two such scoundrels as the candidates were respectively represented to be by the journals of the opposite parties. It is proper to be just, however; the great difficulty met with in the United States, in the elections, is how to select among many persons of equal merit. The nation advances calmly in prosperity, without any of those concussions which give occasion to the display of talents of a superior order. It certainly possesses people of the first merit, and abundance of them, but it is almost impossible for them, in the present state of peace and tranquillity, to attain their proper elevation, above the rank of merit immediately inferior to them. The less, therefore, the difference is beween two candidates, the more must it be exaggerated by the papers of their respective parties, who in that perform the office of repeating circles. The difference is so small that it would pass unperceived if it was not multiplied some thousands of times. One of the most remarkable effects of this publicity is the interest which every one takes in the politics of the day; an interest which produces a sameness in conversation, in whatever society you may happen to fall. The hackney-coachmen talking at the corner of the streets with a porter; the lawyer, the planter, the preacher, dining together with a rich tradesman, all speak of the same thing."

In literary matters, we learn, "New Orleans forms a perfect contrast to all the other cities: here there is no intellectual conversation, no instruction; there are but three booksellers in a city of sixty thousand souls, and yet even their warehouses are composed of the refuse of the filthiest productions of French literature. But if there is no conversation, there are eating, playing, dancing and making love in abundance. An institution peculiar to this city are the quarterion balls, where the free women of colour are alone admitted to the honour of dancing with their lords the whites; for men of colour are most strictly excluded from them. It is a truly magical spectacle to see some hundreds of women all very pretty and well dressed, and of every shade, from that of cream coffee to the most delicate white, assembled in superb saloons, to display their mercenary charms. The most respectable people frequent these balls, which are quite public, and where every thing invariably passes with the greatest decorum. The gaming-houses are also very numerous in New Orleans, and have ruined many of the young people of Kentucky, come to pass their carnival in this Babylon of the west."

It will have appeared from our extracts that, though a sober citizen of the Union, M. Murat writes with a good deal of the feeling of a young Frenchman. In his remarks upon the Presbyterians and their "sourness and austerity," this is very obvious; but it also shines forth on lighter matters: —

"Some years ago the waltz was entirely proscribed from society; people only danced quadrilles and Scotch reels. The waltz was considered, at the time of its introduction, as a dance of unheard-of indecency. The pulpit held forth against the abomination of permitting a man, who was neither your lover nor your husband, to encircle you with his arms, and slightly press the contour of your waist. What then was the effect when *a corps de ballet* from Paris arrived at New York! I was at the first representation: the appearance of the dancers, in short dresses, created an astonishment I know not how to describe; but at the first pirouette, when the short petticoats, with lead at the extremities, began to mount and assume an horizontal position, it was quite another matter: the women screamed aloud, and the greater part left the theatre; the men remained, for the most part, roaring and sobbing with ecstacy, the sole idea which struck them being that of the ridiculous. They had yet to learn the grace of those voluptuous steps. And it is in a country in which respect for morals and decency is carried to such a point as this, that complaint is made at there being no distinguished artists! for God's sake, how can it be otherwise? A painter or a statuary can never arrive at the perfection of their respective art, but after long study of the naked figure. It is indispensable that they possess profound feeling of the beautiful, that their mind suffer itself to be carried away by all the illusion of love before they can warm with their glowing hands either the marble or the canvass. And how is this to be done in the United States? Any artist would lose his reputation if he disclosed, in a picture, higher than the ankle or the elbow. Even the ancient statues, deposited in the museums, are carefully veiled; and as to having a living model, that would excite such an indignation that the painter would be obliged to quit the country. The artists and actors are married people, perfectly respectable, living in the best society, and receiving company at home. The least irregularity in their moral conduct would cut them off completely. I knew an actress even, who, having committed some slight imprudences, was excluded from society and obliged to quit the theatre, for neither actors nor actresses would perform with her. The very dancers must be moral; and yet it is objected that we have no artists! But all this is very clear; it is decency, chastity carried to excess, which clips the wings of genius, cools the passions, and breaks the pencil and the palette. The proof that this is the sole obstacle which prevents the Americans from rising in the arts is, that we have excellent portrait-painters; our engravers are as good as in Europe; but for historical painting, the genius is wanting—it has been frozen in the bud. Great efforts are now making all over the United States to foster the arts. Every town, great or small, has a museum of plaster casts and daubs, dignified with the names of the first painters. But all this will not do. The sentiment of the arts, that deep sentiment without which genius can do nothing, does not and cannot exist in the United States as long as

manners remain the same. Take Phidias or Apelles, drop them into one of our towns, in the midst of a public ceremony, the 4th of July, for instance, the anniversary of the declaration of independence, one of the most courageous and most rational acts that a nation has ever performed. First of all, they will hear the cannon roaring on all sides, the ships will have all their flags hoisted, all the militia will be under arms, the different societies, the different professions and trades, will form themselves into a body to join the procession formed by the magistrates and the militia. It will repair to some church, where a very grave man, dressed in a black gown, with melancholy air, bilious complexion, and lengthened figure, will announce to them, in a doleful tone, that although their ancestors may have signed that immortal declaration, they are not the less damned if they have continued to swear or to dance on Sundays; and that it is not merely being free, but that it is necessary also to be Christians, and elected, in order to be saved. After that, another person, in some other place, will deliver an oration, which, being the hundred thousandth and some odd, upon the same subject, will probably make the auditory yawn, although certainly a finer theme for eloquence never existed. After the oration comes the dinner, then the toasts, then the speech upon the events of the day, good at first, but falling off in quality in proportion as the consumption of the wine increases. Finally, every body departs home, more or less tipsy, but fully satisfied with having done due honour to the anniversary of the independence."

With this we conclude; and prophesy that this book will be a fortunate speculation for the publisher; for it will be read, applauded, condemned, and contested every where.

Cabinet Cyclopædia. No. XXXIX.: Treatise on Heat. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. F.R.S. 12mo. pp. 429. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

We have seldom seen a scientific subject treated in a more popular and satisfactory manner than in the present volume. Our readers will be surprised to learn that, notwithstanding the important agency of heat in every phenomena of nature, and the numerous experiments and theories invented to explain its properties, Dr. Lardner is the first writer who has given us a separate treatise upon it. This is unaccountable, but it is true. In his arrangement, the author has not varied from the usual order. Extracts can hardly do justice to works of this kind; but the following illustrations may be found interesting.

The application of the dilatation of solids by heat to mechanical purposes:—

"Vats, tubs, barrels, and similar vessels, formed of staves of wood, are bound together by iron hoops which surround them. If these hoops be put upon the vessel when highly heated, and then be cooled, they will contract so as to draw together the staves with irresistible force. The same method is used to fasten the tires on the wheels of carriages. The hoop of iron by which the wheel is surrounded, is so constructed as exactly to fit the wheel when it is nearly red-hot. In this state it is placed on the wheel, and then cooled: it undergoes a sudden contraction, and thus strongly binds the fellies upon the spokes."

A novel and effectual mode of restoring walls to their perpendicularity:—

"The weight of the roof of the large gallery of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers pressed the sides outwards so as to endanger the building; and it was requisite to find means by which the wall should be propped so as to sustain the roof. M. Molard contrived the following ingenious plan for the purpose. A series of strong iron bars were carried across the building from wall to wall, passing through holes in the walls, and were secured by nuts on the outside. In this state they would have been sufficient to have prevented the further separation of the walls by the weight of the roof, but it was desirable to restore the walls to their original state by drawing them together. This was effected in the following manner:—Alternate bars were heated by lamps fixed beneath them. They expanded; and consequently the nuts, which were previously in contact with the walls, were no longer so. These nuts were then screwed up so as to be again in close contact with the walls. The lamps were withdrawn, and the bars now allowed to cool. In cooling they gradually contracted, and resumed their former dimensions; consequently the nuts, pressing against the walls, drew them together through a space equal to that through which they had been screwed up. Meanwhile the intermediate bars were heated and expanded, and the nuts screwed up as before. The lamps being again withdrawn, they contracted in cooling, and the walls were further drawn together. This process was continually repeated, until at length the walls were restored to their perpendicular position. The gallery may still be seen with the bars extending across it, and binding together its walls."

The following explanation of the fact that philosophers have been unable, with the most powerful burning-glasses and the most sensible thermometers, to detect the calorific rays in the lunar beam is interesting.

"One of the most remarkable exceptions to the general fact, that the presence of light necessarily infers the presence of heat, is the fact, that moonlight, in whatever degree it can be concentrated by the most powerful burning-glasses, has never yet been found to affect the most sensible thermometer. De la Hire collected the rays of the full moon, when on the meridian, by a burning-glass of about three feet in diameter, in the focus of which he placed a delicate air thermometer. The density of the lunar rays was in this case increased in the proportion of about 300 to 1, and yet not the slightest effect was produced. This anomaly is, however, easily accounted for. Admitting that the moon absorbs no part of the invisible calorific rays of the solar light, it will follow, that the heating power of moonlight cannot be in a greater proportion to that of sunlight than the relative brilliancy of the two lights. Now, to determine the comparative splendour of moonlight and sunlight, let the moon, when seen in the firmament during the day, be compared with a white cloud near it: its brightness, and that of the cloud, will appear very nearly the same. Assuming that they are exactly the same, it will follow, that in the day, when the whole firmament is covered with white fleecy clouds, the brilliancy of the light would be the same as if the whole firmament were covered with an illuminated surface similar to that of the moon. The light, therefore, of a cloudy day of this kind will be as much more brilliant than the light of the moon, as the magnitude of the whole firmament is greater than that portion of it occupied by the full moon. This proportion is nearly that of 300,000 to 1; and hence the light of a cloudy day is 300,000 times brighter than moon-light: consequently, the intensity of the moon's rays is certainly not greater than $\frac{1}{300000}$ part of the intensity of sun-light. In the experiment of De la Hire, just explained, where the moon's rays were concentrated in the proportion of 300 to 1, the effect of the concentrated light in the focus of a burning-glass would not amount to more than the 1000th part of the effect of the direct unconcentrated light of the sun. Now it was found that, under favourable circumstances, the sun-light, acting on the bulb of a thermometer, caused it to rise about 230°: it follows, therefore, that the effect of the concentrated light of the moon, in the experiment just mentioned, could not exceed the fifth part of a degree; but even this is greater than its true effects, because the light of the moon has been here compared with the light of a cloudy day, which is less intense than the direct rays of the sun. From this and other reasons it is probable, that admitting the moon's rays to possess the calorific power, they could not, in the experiment of De la Hire, affect the thermometer to an extent even of the twentieth of a degree."

The chapter on radiation is highly interesting; the perusal of which, as well as of the whole work, we cordially recommend to our readers. Without being so familiar as Arnot, Dr. Lardner is equally clear and satisfactory.

Life of Dr. Adam Clarke.

[Second notice.]

In our last *Gazette* we went into a number of the particulars which Dr. Clarke relates of his very early life; and paused, conveniently, when the memoir arrived at the serious point of his religious call.

"I come now (says he, speaking in the third person, which he alternates throughout the volume with the first), I come now to the most important part of A. C.'s life,—that in which he began to perceive the importance of pure and undefiled religion; and in which he began to discern and relish the power of divine truth. It is not to be supposed that there can be any great variety in the experience of religious people. Repentance, faith, and holiness, are unchangeable in their nature, and uniform in their effects. Religion has to do with one God, one Mediator, one sacrifice; it recommends one faith, enjoins one baptism, proclaims one heaven, and one hell. All these are unchangeable both in their nature and their effects. One Gospel is the fountain whence all these things are derived; and that Gospel being the everlasting Gospel, was, is, and will be the same, from its first publication till time shall be no more. Novelty, therefore, on such subjects cannot be expected: he who has read the conversion and religious experience of one sensible man, has, in substance, read that of ten thousand."

One cannot read this without observing that it begs the whole question. It may be right or it may be wrong; but as logical definition and syllogism, it is altogether worthless. There are religions in the world quite different from that here laid down as the sole faith; and the whole reasoning therefore only applies to the portion of mankind who are of the same persuasion. We are not arguing which is the true religion, but only shewing that the worthy doctor's broad foundation rests on no generally acknowledged principle. At this period his mind seems to have been strongly excited, and he always preserved to the very last of a long life a considerable spice of enthusiasm and imaginativeness. A story is told of a gun

which had killed three persons, one of them a Lieutenant Church; and the Dr. tells us:

"Shortly after Lieutenant Church received his wound, his brother, George Church, Esq., a gentleman of very large estates, was killed by a fall from his horse. Previously to these two disasters, strange noises were heard in the mansion-house called the Grove. The doors were said to have opened and shut of themselves: sometimes all the pewter dishes, &c. on the dresser in the kitchen were so violently agitated as to appear to have been thrown down on the floor, though nothing was moved from its place. Sometimes heavy treading was heard where no human being was; and often, as if a person had fallen at whole length on the floor above the kitchen! A. C. sat up one whole night in that kitchen, during Lieut. Church's indisposition, and most distinctly heard the above noises, shortly before Mr. G. Church was killed by the fall from his horse. After the death of the two brothers, these noises were heard no more! What was the cause of the noises was never discovered. While on the subject of omens, it may not be improper to notice the opinion concerning *fairies*, then so prevalent in that country. It is really astonishing how many grave, sober, sensible, and even religious people, have united in asserting the fact of their existence! and even from their own personal knowledge, as having seen, or heard, or conversed with them! At a near neighbour's, according to the report of the family, was their principal rendezvous in that country. The good woman of the house declared in the most solemn manner to Mrs. Clarke, that a number of those gentle people, as she termed them, occasionally frequented her house; that they often conversed with her, one of them putting its hands on her eyes, during the time, which hands she represented, from the sensation she had, to be about the size of those of a child of four or five years of age! This good woman with her whole family, were worn down with the visits, conversations, &c. &c. of these generally invisible gentry. Their lives were almost a burthen to them; and they had little prosperity in their secular affairs. But these accounts were not confined to them; the whole neighbourhood was full of them, and the belief was general, if not universal. From the natural curiosity of A. C. it needs not to be wondered that he wished to see matters of this sort. He and his brother frequently supposed that they heard noises and music altogether unearthly. Often they have remarked, that small fires had been kindled over night in places where they knew there were none the preceding day; and at such sights it was usual for them to say to each other, 'The fairies have been here last night.' Whatsoever may be said of such imaginings and sights, though not one in a million may have even the shadow of truth, yet sober proofs of the existence of a spiritual world should not be lightly regarded. We may ridicule such accounts, till the Holy Scriptures themselves may come in for their share of infidel abuse."

Adam goes to hear an itinerant methodist preacher, which circumstance gives the colour to all his future days.

"A. C. fixed his eyes upon him, and was not at all surprised with his first sentence, which was this: 'I see several lads there; I hope they will be quiet and behave well; if not they shall be put out of the house.' As Adam expected no diversion, he was not disappointed by this declaration. He did not recollect the text, and the discourse did not make any particular impression on his mind; but he was rather surprised by the following assertion: 'The Westminster divines,' said the preacher, 'have asserted in their catechism, that no mere man, since the fall, can keep God's commandments; but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed: but the Scriptures promise us salvation from all our sin, and I must credit them in preference to the Westminster divines.' Adam had learned his catechism, as before stated, and had given implicit credence to this assertion; but he reasoned thus with himself, 'If the Scriptures say the contrary, certainly I should believe the Scriptures in preference to the catechism.'"

We confess we cannot perceive where there is any contradiction. The conclusion is a *non sequitur*: the catechism says we sin daily—the Scriptures, that we may nevertheless be saved though we do.

"After preaching was ended, Mr. Brettel went into the man's house, whose barn he had occupied, and several people followed him, and among the rest young Clarke. He talked much on the necessity of repentance, faith, holiness, &c. and exhorted the people to turn to God with all their hearts, and not to defer it. * * * * *

"The next week Mr. B. came to another part of the neighbourhood, and Adam went to hear him: his text was, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.'—Rev. iii. 20. He pointed out the various methods which God used in order to awaken and alarm impenitent sinners, and the dreadful consequences of slighting, resisting, or neglecting these calls,—ruin, final and eternal, must be the inevitable consequence; 'but God,' said he, 'always fires the warning cannon before he discharges the murdering piece!' This was the last time he heard Mr. Brettel."

And if the well-meaning preacher had no better similes than this of the cannon firing, we cannot consider it a very heavy loss. It had the effect, however, of awakening a very potent feeling in the youthful mind of Adam who read the New Testament through, "to see whether these things were so."

"It was indeed (he describes) a new book to him; he read, and felt, and wept, and prayed; was often depressed, then encouraged; his eyes were opened, and he beheld wonders in this divine law. By this reading he acquired and fixed his creed in all its articles, not one of which he ever found reason to change, though he had not as yet that full confidence of each which he afterwards acquired. At this time he had read none of the writings of the Methodists; and from them he never learned that creed, which, on after examination, he found to be precisely the same with theirs. He could say, 'I have not received my creed from man, nor by man.' He learned it (without consulting bodies of divinity, human creeds, confessions of faith, or such like) from the fountain-head of truth, the oracles of the living God."

He soon, however, fell into a state of great depression. After attending a meeting one night, "The leader, Mr. Andrew Hunter, of Coleraine, joined him on the road, and began to speak to him on spiritual matters, in a most affectionate and pathetic way; earnestly pressed him to give his whole heart to God; 'For,' said he, 'you may be a burning and a shining light in a benighted land.' Why these words should have deeply affected him he could not tell; but so it was: he was cut to the heart: instead of being rich and increased in spiritual goods, as he once fondly thought, he now saw that he was wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. All his past diligence, prayer, reading, &c., appeared as nothing,—in vain he looked within and without for something to recommend him to God; but there was nothing,—multitudes of evils which before were undiscovered, were now pointed out to his conscience as by a sun-beam. He was filled with confusion and distress; wherever he looked he saw nothing but himself. The light which penetrated his mind, led him into all the chambers of the house of imagery; and every where he saw idols set up in opposition to the worship of the true God. He wished to flee from himself, and looked with envy on stocks and stones, for they had not offended a just God, and were incapable of bearing his displeasure. The season was fine, the fields were beautifully clothed with green, the herds browsed contentedly in their pastures, and the birds were singing melodiously, some in the air, some in the trees and bushes; but, alas, his eyes and his ears were now no longer inlets to pleasure. In point of gratification, nature was to him a universal blank, for he felt himself destitute of the image and approbation of his Maker; and, besides this consciousness, there needed no other hell to constitute his misery."

The rest is a striking display of many of the peculiar doctrines of the sect called Methodists:—

"He was now come to that point, beyond which God did not think proper any longer to delay the manifestation of himself to the soul of his ardent follower: and indeed such were his concern and distress, that had it been longer deferred, the spirit that God had made would have failed before him. One morning, in great distress of soul, he went out to his work in the field: he began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth, and prayed, but seemed to be without power or faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not: even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of heaven seemed as if barred against him. His faith in the Atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for him; the thickest darkness seemed to gather round, and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer: he arose, but he was so weak, that he could scarcely stand. His agonies were indescribable; he seemed to be for ever separated from God and the glory of his power. Death, in any form, he could have preferred to his present feelings, if that death could have put an end to them. No fear of hell produced these terrible conflicts. He had not God's approbation; he had not God's image. He felt that without a sense of his favour, he could not live. Where to go, what to say, and what to do, he found not; even the words of prayer at last failed; he could neither plead nor wrestle with God. O, reader, lay these things to heart! Here was a lad that had never been a profligate, had been brought up in the fear of God, and who, for a considerable time had been earnestly seeking his peace, apparently cut off from life and hope! This did not arise from any natural infirmity of his own mind:—none who knew him, in any period of his life, could suspect this:—it was a sense of the displeasure of a holy God, from having sinned against him; and yet his sins were those of a little boy, which most would be disposed to pass by; for he was not of an age to be guilty of flagrant

crimes; and yet how sorely did he suffer, in seeking to be born again; to have his conscience purged from dead works, and to have his nature renewed!—He was then being prepared for that work to which he was afterwards to be called; the struggle was great, that he himself might not easily turn again to folly, and thus bring condemnation on himself, and a reproach upon God's cause; and it was, in all probability, necessary that he should experience this deep anguish, that feeling the bitterness of sin, he might warn others more earnestly; and knowing the throes and travail of a sinner's soul, he might speak assuredly to the most despairing, of the power of Christ's sacrifice, and of the indwelling consolations of the Spirit of God. God appeared to have turned aside his ways, and pulled him to pieces;—he had bent his bow, and made him a mark for his arrows: he was filled with bitterness, and made drunken as with wormwood:—his soul was removed far off from peace, and he forgat prosperity. Yet, even here, though his stroke was heavier than his groaning, he could say, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed.' —*Lam.* iii. 11—22. See him in his agony upon the bare ground, almost petrified with anguish, and dumb with grief! Reader, hast thou sinned? Hast thou repented? Hast thou peace with thy God, or art thou still in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity? These are solemn, yea, awful questions. May God enable thee to answer them to the safety of thy soul! But we must return to him whom we have left in agonies indescribable. It is said, 'The time of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity.' He now felt strongly in his soul, 'Pray to Christ;'—another word for, 'Come to the Holiest through the blood of Jesus.' He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm. A glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame, all guilt and condemnation were gone. He examined his conscience, and found it no longer a register of sins against God. He looked to heaven, and all was sunshine; he searched for his distress, but could not find it. He felt indescribably happy, but could not tell the cause;—a change had taken place within him, of a nature wholly unknown before, and for which he had no name. He sat down upon the ridge where he had been working, full of ineffable delight. He praised God, and he could not describe for what,—for he could give no name to his work. His heart was light, his physical strength returned, and he could bound like a roe. He felt a sudden transition from darkness to light—from guilt and oppressive fear to confidence and peace. He could now draw nigh to God with more confidence than he ever could to his earthly father:—he had freedom of access, and he had freedom of speech. He was like a person who had got into a new world, where although every object was strange, yet each was pleasing; and now he could magnify God for his creation, a thing he never could do before! O what a change was here! and yet, lest he should be overwhelmed with it, its name and its nature were in a great measure hidden from his eyes. Shortly after, his friend Mr. Barber came to his father's house: when he departed, Adam accompanied him a little on the way. When they came in sight of the field that had witnessed the agonies of his heart and the breaking of his chains, he told Mr. B. what had taken place. The man of God took off his hat, and with tears flowing down his cheeks, gave thanks unto God. 'O, Adam,' said he, 'I rejoice in this; I have been daily in expectation that God would shine upon your soul, and bless you with the adoption of his children.' Adam stared at him, and said within himself, 'O, he thinks surely that I am justified, that God has forgiven me my sins, that I am now his child. O, blessed be God, I believe, I feel I am justified, through the redemption that is in Jesus.' Now, he clearly saw what God had done; and although he had felt the blessing before, and was happy in the possession of it, it was only now that he could call it by its name. Now, he saw and felt, that 'being justified by faith, he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he had received the atonement.' He continued in peace and happiness all the week: the next Lord's day there was a love-feast in Coleraine;—he went to it, and during the first prayer, kneeled in a corner with his face to the wall. While praying, the Lord Jesus seemed to appear to the eyes of his mind, as he is described, *Rev.* i. 13, 14. 'Clothed with a garment down to his feet, and girt about the breast with a golden girdle: his head and his hair white as snow, and his eyes like a flame of fire.' And though in strong prayer before, he suddenly stopped, and said, though not perhaps in a voice to be heard by those who were by him—'Come nearer, O! Lord Jesus, that I may see thee more distinctly.' Immediately he felt as if God had shone upon the work he had wrought, and called it by its own name; he fully and clearly knew that he was a child of God; the Spirit of God bore this witness in his conscience, and he could no more have doubted of it, than he could have doubted of the reality of his existence, or the identity of his person.

'Meridian evidence put doubt to flight.'"

Being thus one of the elect, we shall not go into the details of his studious and ministerial progress. He was put apprentice to a linen draper, with whom he remained eleven months, improving in piety, and yet oddly constituted in some of his opinions. For example, we are told:

"He became doubly watchful in all his conduct; guarded the avenues of his heart; took care to do nothing for which he had not the authority of God's word, and the testimony of his conscience; and spoke little, and with extreme caution. From this he was led to analyse his words in such a way, in order that he might speak nothing but what was indubitable truth, that at last every thing appeared to him to be hypothetical; and a general system of doubtfulness in every thing relative to himself took place. This had a very awful, and indeed almost fatal, effect upon his memory, so much afraid was he lest he should say any thing that was not strictly true; and on many subjects he would not get full information, that he might no longer affirm or deny any thing. He distrusted his memory and the evidence of his senses so much, that the former seemed to record transactions no longer, and the latter only served for personal preservation. When he has gone an errand and returned, he has given in the most embarrassing account. 'Adam, have you been at ——?' 'I think I have, sir.' 'Did you see Mr. ——?' 'I believe I did.' 'Did you deliver the message?' 'I think so.' 'What did he say?' 'I cannot say; I am not sure that he said so and so, if I have ever been there and seen him; and I am not sure that he did not say what I think I have just now told you.' 'Why, Adam, I cannot tell what you mean! Pray be more attentive in future.' After some time, the empire of doubt became so established, that he appeared to himself as a visionary being, and the whole world as little else than a congeries of ill-connected ideas. He thought at last that the whole of life, and indeed universal nature, was a dream: he could reflect that he had what were termed dreams, and in them all appeared to be realities, but when he awoke he found all unreal mockeries; and why might not his present state be the same? At length he doubted whether he ever had such dreams, whether he ever made such reflections, or whether he ever now thought or reflected!"

We have almost laughed aloud at this *naive* picture; and fancied what a pretty mess we should be in if all apprentices, servants, &c. should happen to fall into a like train of doubtfulness. What droll scenes might be conjured up—enow for a hundred farces! and the best fun of all would be, that from every body's doubting, every thing would in reality become doubtful. The world would be one comedy of perplexity and confusion.

Under the auspices of the celebrated Wesley, he was received at Kingswood School; and that our readers may have a taste of amusement after all our gravity, we shall conclude with an extract describing his reception:

"The next morning early, Aug. 25th, he left the inn and walked to Kingswood, and got thither about seven o'clock, when the preaching in the chapel was about to commence. He entered with the crowd. * * *

"The preaching being ended, A. C. inquired of a young lad, whom he supposed to be one of the scholars, if Mr. Simpson (the head master) was at home? Being informed that he was, he begged leave to see him: he was introduced, and delivered Mr. Wesley's letter. Mr. S. appeared surprised; said, 'He had heard nothing of it, and that they had no room in the school for any one; that Mr. Wesley was now in Cornwall, but was expected in a fortnight:' and added, 'You must go back to Bristol, and lodge there till he comes.' These were all appalling tidings! Adam had travelled several hundred miles both by sea and land in quest of a chimerical Utopia and Garden of Paradise, and now all his hopes were in a moment crushed to death. With a heart full of distress Adam ventured to say, 'Sir, I cannot go back to Bristol, I have expended all my money, and have nothing to subsist on.' Mr. S. said, 'Why should you come to Kingswood? it is only for preachers' children, or for such preachers as cannot read their Bible; and it appears from this information, that you have already been at a classical school, and that you have read both Greek and Latin authors.' Adam said, 'I am come to improve myself in various ways by the advantages which I understood Kingswood could afford.' Mr. S. replied, that 'It was not necessary; if you are already a preacher, you had better go out into the work at large, for there is no room for you in the school, and not one spare bed in the house.' It was now with his poor heart—

Hei mihi! quantâ de spe decidi!

The rest I shall give in A. C.'s own words: 'At last it was agreed that there was a spare room in the end of the chapel, where I might lodge till Mr. Wesley should come from Cornwall; and that I must stay in that room and not come into the house. I was accordingly shewn to the place, and was told one of the maids should bring me my daily food at the due times. As soon as I was left alone, I kneeled down and poured out my soul to God with strong crying and tears. I was a stranger

in a strange land, and, alas! among strange people, utterly friendless and penniless. I felt also that I was not at liberty, but only to run away. This, I believe, would have been grateful to the unfeeling people into whose hands I had fallen. But I soon found why I was thus cooped up in my prison-house. Mr. S. that day took an opportunity to tell me that Mrs. S. suspected that I might have the itch, as many persons coming from my country had [this was excellent from Scotch people, for such they both were]; and that they could not let me mingle with the family. I immediately tore open my waistcoast and shirt, and shewed him a skin as white and as clean as ever had come across the Tweed; but all to no purpose: 'It might be cleaving somewhere to me, and they could not be satisfied till I had rubbed myself, from head to foot, with a box of Jackson's itch ointment, which should be procured for me next day!' It was only my strong hold of God that kept me from distraction. But to whom could I make my complaint? Earthly refuge I had none. It is utterly impossible for me to describe the feelings, I may justly say the agony, of my mind. I surveyed my apartment: there was a wretched old bureau wainscot bedstead, not worth ten shillings, and a flock bed, and suitable bed-clothes, worth not much more. But the worst was, they were very scanty, and the weather was cold and wet. There was one rush-bottomed chair in the place, and besides these, neither carpet on the floor nor at the bedside, nor any other kind of furniture. There was no book, not even a Bible, in the place; and my own box, with my clothes and a few books, was behind at the Lamb Inn in Bristol; and I had not even a change of linen. Of this I informed them, and begged them to let the man (as I found he went in with a horse and small cart three times a week) bring out my box to me. To this request, often and earnestly repeated, I got no definite answer; but no box was brought. Jackson's ointment was brought, it is true; and with this infernal unguent I was obliged to anoint myself before a large fire (the first and last I saw while I remained there), which they had ordered to be lighted for the purpose. In this state, smelling worse than a polecat, I tumbled with a heavy heart and streaming eyes into my worthless bed. The next morning the sheets had taken from my body, as far as they came in contact with it, the unabsorbed parts of this tartareous compound; and the smell of them and myself was almost insupportable. The woman that brought my bread and milk for breakfast, for dinner, and for supper—for generally I had nothing else, and not enough of that—I begged to let me have a pair of clean sheets. It was in vain: no clean clothes of any kind were afforded me; I was left to make my own bed, sweep my own room, and empty my own basin, &c. &c. as I pleased! For more than three weeks no soul performed any kind act for me. And as they did not give orders to the man to bring out my box, I was left without a change of any kind, till the Thursday of the second week, when I asked permission to go out of my prison-house to Bristol for my box; which being granted, I walked to Bristol, and carried my box on my head more than four miles, without any kind of assistance!"

And here we end;—only with reference to our preceding paper, we believe we went farther than the exact case when we spoke of Dr. Clarke as an example of the Methodist creed, &c. We are informed, that though greatly venerated as a learned man, and nearly half a century one of their most zealous preachers and champions, Wesley alone is regarded as their oracle and apostle. Wesley had an eminently practical and ruling mind, which would have assured him an ascendency in any other line of life; while Clarke was remarkable for worldly simplicity, and a want of that faculty of systematising which would have led to a managing share in the concerns of an important sect.

Natural History of Selborne. By the late Rev. Gilbert White, A.M. With Additions by Sir W. Jardine, Bart. 12mo. pp. 325. London, 1833. Whittaker and Co.

THIS delightful volume cannot be too often published, though we had it before in *Constable's Miscellany*; and we rejoice to see it in this new, cheap, and pretty edition. But besides it is enriched with a number of interesting notes by Sir W. Jardine, from which (as we need say nothing of the work itself) we select a single specimen.

"The manner in which the common lamprey, *petromyzon marinus*, and the lesser species, commonly known as lamperns, form their spawning-beds, is curious. They ascend our rivers to breed about the end of June, and remain until the beginning of August. They are not furnished with any elongation of jaw, afforded to most of our fresh-water fish, to form the receiving furrows in this important season; but the want is supplied by their sucker-like mouth, by which they individually remove each stone. Their power is immense. Stones of a very large size are transported, and a large furrow is soon formed. The lampreys remain in pairs, two on each spawning-place; and while there employed, retain themselves affixed by the mouths to a large stone. The *petromyzon fluviatilis*, or river-lamprey, and another small species which I have not determined, are gregarious, acting in concert, and forming, in the same manner, a general spawning-bed."

British Library. No. I. White's Selborne, with Notes, by Capt. Thos. Brown, F.L.S. &c. 12mo. pp. 356. Edin. J. Chambers; London, Orr; Dublin, Curry, jun. and Co.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! Since writing the foregoing, we have received yet another *Selborne*, also put forth on the principle of cheapness, and with copious annotations, collected from a great variety of sources. It is a very neat volume, and commences, we observe, a new series of monthly publication.

Journal of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Diemen's Land. Pp. 117. London, 1833. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS little volume presents a pleasing and natural picture of the voyage of an officer from India to Sincapore, Batavia, and Van Diemen's Land, in search of health; selected from his letters by Mrs. A. Prinsep. The notices of Penang sinking into insignificance, of Sincapore rising in the scale, of Batavia and of Van Diemen's Land, are interesting; and the descriptive parts of the voyage, through the beautiful isles of the Indian sea, graphic and picturesque. We apprehend that the amiable writer is since dead.

Colburn's Modern Novelists. Tremaine, 3 vols. London, 1833. Bentley, for Colburn.

TREMAINE was very successful in its day; but the day of modern novels in general has not been so long as many of themselves; and within a few years even *Tremaine* had fallen into obliviousness. In order to revive it, Mr. Colburn has reproduced it at a very cheap rate, and neatly bound. How far this may affect the rules and interests, &c. of "the Trade," we do not know; but we should think it likely to obtain a farther circulation of these new editions of past works, though, like the monthly publications, it is calculated to depreciate new and original competition, by rendering it impossible for publishers to offer a fair remuneration to authors.

The Elements: a Poem, in Four Cantos; with an Introductory Address. By Thomas Pogee. London, 1833. Nisbet; Hatchard; Wild.

THE author is so accurate in his own self-estimate, that, by way of review, we will quote the very lines:—

"Powerful, passive—masters, slaves—
Bounteous friends, terrific foes!
Your aid a suppliant humbly craves,
Your mighty secrets to disclose:
Ye I invoke, alas! in vain—
Not the united force
Of your resistless course
Can *add* one thought to this inquiring brain."

We have only to *add* our complete acquiescence in this assertion.

Poetical Aspirations. Second edition. By William Anderson, Esq. 12mo. pp. 184. London, 1833, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Edinburgh, J. Anderson, Jun.

A VERY pleasing collection of poems, obviously written by a young man, with the picturesque of feeling, and the buoyancy of spirit, which so soon depart; but the little phrase, "second edition," shews the work has been appreciated. We quote two of the fugitive pieces.

"*To a Lady.*

I know not if thy youthful heart
Still beats with love for me;
Perhaps some other claims the part
I once possess'd in thee.
I know not if thy fondest thought
To me yet loves to stray;
Perhaps now I am all forgot,
Like visions died away.
It may be so—I'll not repine,
All faithless as thou art,
I'll think that once thy love was mine,
And that will soothe my heart."

"*The Pirate's Revel.*

Come, fill the cup!—the man who throws
His fate upon a chance,
At least the hazard of it knows;
And we can die but once.
Then fill the blushing wine-cup up,
Ay, fill it to the brim;
Who nobly dares and does, this cup
We dedicate to him.

My battle-flag flies to the breeze,
My war-bark treads the brine;
If there be wealth upon the seas,
'Twill speedily be mine.
What care we for the landsmen's law?
'Twas made for slaves to dread;
If they, like us, the sword could draw,
They'd revel here instead.

But let them keep their land, and give
To us the ocean-wave;
On which to live as men should live,
In which to find a grave.
Then drink, my mates! for long ere dawn,
We triumph on the deep;
When banners wave, and swords are drawn,
Ours will not be asleep."

Speaking of Dryburgh Abbey, the author states that "the grave of Sir Walter Scott is in St. Mary's Aisle of the Abbey Church of Dryburgh, which is in the form of a cross, and the poet lies in the left transept of the cross, part of which is still standing, and close to where the high altar formerly stood. This transept is divided into three burial-places; that of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, in right of his grandmother, Lady Haliburton's family; that of James Erskine, Esq. of Shieldhall and Melrose; and that of James G. Haig, Esq. of

the ancient family of Bemersyde. These, with the tomb-house of the Earl of Buchan, in St. Moden's Chapel, and that of James Anderson, Esq. of Gledswood, form, I believe, the only cemeteries in Drybrugh."

There is a pretty vignette of Loch Awe in the title-page.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, Jan. 19.

On the first instant, the Chevalier Manzi discovered in the Nicropolis of Tarquinia, an Etruscan tomb, far more magnificent than any previously discovered there.

This tomb is of a quadrilateral form, and is supported in the centre by a great column, also quadrilateral. Three sides of this column bear three winged genii, larger than life; and on the side fronting the door there is a long Etruscan inscription. All round this inscription are beautiful ornaments of fishes; and on the left side a group of figures, very animated and well designed; above which there is another long Etruscan inscription. About the tomb are three rows of steps, on which are placed several sarcophagi, with male and female figures in bas-relief, and mortuary inscriptions, in the Latin language, relative to the citizens of Tarquinia there buried.

In fine, the magnificence of this tomb, and singularity of its construction, its pictures and inscriptions, are calculated to excite in the highest degree the curiosity of the lovers of antiquity.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

At the last meeting, Mr. Faraday delivered a very able lecture on the identity of electricity derived from different sources. This is an account, illustrated by experiments, of the philosophical inquiries contained in recent papers communicated by him to the Royal Society, and noticed in *Literary Gazettes* 834 and 5. All electricities are stated to be of precisely the same nature, differing from each other only in the conditions of quantity and intensity. Taking common and voltaic electricities as the two forms which are considered as most distinct in their characters, Mr. Faraday proceeds to examine each upon those points by which the other is supposed to be most distinguished, and he finds that both have all properties. Thus the effects of tension through machine electricity, so far excels voltaic electricity; yet the latter produces sensible attractions and repulsions, and passes thick hot air like the former. The decomposing effects of the voltaic pile are repeated by common electricity; and Dr. Wollaston's views upon the parity of action fully confirmed. The magnetic action of the voltaic current, so long considered not to occur with common electricity, is shewn to exist. These chemical and magnetic actions are so far brought to coincide, as to afford a means of comparative measurement between the electrical machine and the voltaic pile. Mr. Faraday finds that a wire of zinc and one of platina, each $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch in diameter, placed $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch apart, but connected by a copper wire, and plunged $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch deep into a mixture of one drop oil of vitriol to four ounces distilled water for $\frac{1}{10}$ of a minute, evolves as much electricity as is produced by thirty turns of a fine plate electrical machine fifty inches in diameter, in full action. He next proceeds to shew, by various experiments, how similar machine electricity can be made to voltaic. Amongst other experiments is one in which the discharge of a large Leyden battery of fifteen jars passes through the tongue, yet without any other sensation than that of the taste, and the light which accompanies the contact of two pieces of zinc and silver.

In the library were many beautiful specimens of the fine arts, both of the English and German schools.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Hamilton in the chair.—The usual monthly meeting was held on Thursday. Upwards of 3,500 persons visited the gardens and museum during the month of January; and the balance in favour of the Society at the end of the month was 543*l*. On the Tuesday previous, Dr. Grant delivered a lecture on *Chiroptera* or bats, a tribe destined, like the birds, to wing their way through the air and take their food as they fly: the skeleton is modified accordingly, and the bones of the fingers (except those of the thumb, which is free and armed with a hook-like nail) are exceedingly elongated, and serve to support an expanded membrane stretching down the sides and enveloping the hinder limbs, and often the tail. The anterior limbs are long and well developed, the chest large, the scapulæ broad, the clavicles strong, but the hinder parts are contracted. The mammæ are situated on the chest; and the young are nourished by the parents in a state of rest, with the wings folded round their offspring. The teeth generally are of the character of incisors; some, however, are fruit-eaters, and have the molars flattened accordingly; many suck the blood of animals,—these are the vampires of South America, and by their operations in blood-letting, often occasion michief. The operation is not performed by biting with the teeth, but by gently insinuating the point of the tongue, armed with a peculiar apparatus of horny papillæ, into a vein, while they fan the air with their wings, so as in that sultry clime to lull the sleeper more effectually. Bats are nocturnal, but, contrary to what is generally the case with nocturnal animals, their eyes are minute and feeble, and indeed, comparatively speaking, of but minor importance; for so exquisite is the sense of feeling diffused over the surface of their membraneous wings, that they are able to feel every vibration of air however imperceptible by us; they can tell by the slight rebound of the air whether they are flying near any wall or opposing body, or in a free space, though their eyes be sealed or removed. Various other points in the structure of this interesting tribe were dwelt upon, and particular reference was made to the elaborate researches of Dr. Marshall Hall.

ASTROLOGY.

The appearance of the heavens this month will not fail to attract the attention of every true lover of the beauties of nature. The wintry constellations, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Orion, Canis Major, &c., which shine with such brilliancy on the midnight sky during the depth of winter, will, with the rising year, have so far advanced towards the west, as to present themselves to our view soon after the decline of day. The most brilliant of the planetary train will shine conspicuously; Uranus with Mercury will set with the Sun, and leave the empire of the evening to Jupiter, shining in close proximity to Venus in the south-west; Mars will be observed illumining the blue south, and mingling his ruddy light with the dim-shining Pleiades. As these beautiful planets decline towards the western horizon, the darkness increases, and the fixed stars bend down their brightness to these lower realms of space. Saturn will rise in the east, as Jupiter and Venus disappear in the west, and continue visible till his beams are extinguished by the rising day.

Yet, beautiful as this aspect of the heavens will be, there are still some in this enlightened age who scan the celestial canopy with other views than to trace the beauty and precision of the bodies that shine there; and because in this month Venus will be near to Jupiter, and both in opposition to Saturn, Mercury also in conjunction with Uranus, they (see *Moore's Almanac*, 1833,)

> "gather
> We shall have strange variety of weather;
> Besides, foreshows we marriages shall find,
> Where couples with vast oddities are join'd;
> Old with the young, the foul match'd with the fair;
> The priest ne'er minds, 'tis they must have the care."

But these absurdities may be left for those who admire them; and such only will be found among the lowest and least enlightened of society.

The principal planetary influence to be apprehended is, however, to arise from the beautiful configuration of Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn, just referred to; the former two, those brilliant stars that must, during the evenings of the past week, have struck with admiration every eye, and affected every heart that is not withered by despair, or brutalised by passion. This position of Jupiter and Saturn, according to the prophetic sage, "is not likely to pass over without shewing its malefic effects one way or other. Mark well the consequences, for soon they will shew themselves. Let Britons wipe off in time the reproach of West India slavery!"

In April, on occasion of the conjunction of Jupiter with the Sun, we have the following:

> "Now here we see great Jove salutes the Sun,
> Presaging some great matters to be done;"

which, as Jove does this in general every year, is a sure indication that affairs of importance will, at least annually, occupy the attention of mortals.

The solar eclipse in July produces the following:—

> "Transcendent changes the Sun's eclipse doth bring,
> And upside down it turneth every thing;
> Removeth burdens, sets men's minds at rest,
> And orders all affairs e'en for the best."

Whence we gather, that it is best with us when every thing is turned upside down. What a pity it is that a visible solar eclipse is so rare a phenomenon!

In November, the conjunction of the Sun and Mars "will be apt to stir up strife and contentions amongst those of the highest rank, which a little time will make manifest, and perhaps turn some into the grave of despair."

We pity those whose minds are affected by these silly prognostications; but we blush for men of science, who lend the influence of their talents to continue the existence of a system which has long been considered a malady of weak minds. Had the contents of this Almanac been alike contemptible with its astrological nonsense, we should have passed it without a notice; but the astronomical portion is truly valuable for its quantity and accuracy, the writers of which, we have no doubt, are fully aware of the deceit, and should avoid the disgrace of appearing to uphold, or at least of sanctioning, a fallacious art, which is captivating indeed to the weak and vulgar, but decidedly of a pernicious tendency.

ASTRONOMY.

Professor Plana, astronomer royal, and director of the Royal Observatory of Turin,

has recently completed his great work on the theory of the moon, entitled, *Théorie du Mouvement de la Lune*. This important work is dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, and has just been published at Turin by Bocca, the king's bookseller in that capital, in three large quarto volumes. The lunar theory is exhibited in relation to the sole principle of universal gravitation, with numerical results to facilitate the calculation of the moon's place for any given time. The Chevalier Plana is already well known in this country by his astronomical observations made in the Turin Observatory, his geodesical measurements in Savoy and Piedmont, his mathematical memoirs, and more recently by his investigations on the planetary perturbations; and, notwithstanding the high celebrity he has attained, this his great work is likely, we think, not only to extend his own fame, but to reflect great credit on the scientific reputation of Italy.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dr. MATON in the chair.—Dr. Chandler and some other persons were elected Fellows. A paper, by Dr. Philip, on the relation which subsists between the nervous and muscular systems, was read. The author in this paper follows up certain inquiries on the same subject, communicated by him to the Royal Society, and inserted in the *Phil. Trans.*, where the results are given. He recommends a close observance of what may be termed the established laws or principles of physiology, rather than speculative views, however ingenious; to which he justly attributes much of the confusion, contradiction, and error, found amongst physiologists. In illustration, he notices an instance relating to the action of the heart and brain, where the *savans* of the French Academy, with the learned Humboldt at their head, were led astray. He finds from experiments, that the muscular action, whether voluntary or involuntary, is independent of the nervous system, though stimulated by it.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

[Second notice.]

WE shall proceed to illustrate, by individual examples, what we said in our last Number of the general attraction of the Exhibition at the British Gallery, which opened to the public on Monday last.

No. 1. *Peasants of the Cordilleras Mountains, Spanish America.* George Hayter, M.A.S.L.—If the peasants of Spanish America indulge in such splendid and glittering gear, what must be the costume of the higher classes? The very mule is attired in a manner that would excite the envy of the most richly decorated British charger on a field-day. It is pleasing, however, thus to have an opportunity, without the trouble of travelling, to remark the character and usages of similar classes in different countries.

No. 9. *A Solicitor.* Henry Wyatt.—A solicitor! On reading the title in the catalogue, we thought of the Court of Chancery and all its horrors, and wondered what Mr. Wyatt could make of so repugnant a subject. There needed not this preparation to delight us by contrast with the picture. It represents a charming girl, whose lap-dog is endeavouring to gain those favours to which only a lover ought to aspire. We have seldom seen a more fascinating little work.

No. 92. *Cottage Children.* A. Morton.—"I am nothing," says Iago, "if not critical;" and such is the attractive character of beauty, and the demand for it in works of art, that in general a painter may say of his performance, "It is nothing if not beautiful." In this clever work, Mr. Morton has fulfilled the condition. If some of the tones in the flesh were a little less decidedly blue, we should say that the pure and transparent tone of health was never more ably depicted.

No. 340. *Mokanna revealing his features to Zelica.* David M'Clise.—Conceived with extraordinary power of imagination, and painted with extraordinary power of execution. Nothing can be finer than the contrast between the lovely but alarmed Zelica, and the monstrous and gigantic form which bursts upon her sight. In colouring, also, Mr. M'Clise has reached the *ne plus ultra* of richness and splendour; and exhibits perfect mastery over his materials. We feel personally obliged to this young artist for thus rapidly justifying all our anticipations respecting him.

No. 25. *The Watering Place.* T. Woodward.—Those who remember "Crossing the Ford," by the same artist, with its characteristic accompaniments, its beautiful execution, and its natural representation of objects, will find in the performance under our notice an equal display of skill, and a similar touch of humour. The proverb says, that although you may take a horse to water, you cannot make him drink. Here the case is reversed. The utmost efforts of a boy, who is tugging at the bridle, are insufficient to prevent the unmanageable animal from quenching his thirst; while a terrified urchin on his back appears in danger of becoming a sop in his liquor.

No. 18. *The Barrier.* Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Besides their unrivalled felicity of execution, Mr. Landseer always communicates to his animal subjects a sentiment that raises them from the department of art to which they would otherwise belong. What, for instance, can be finer than the noble dog, reposing gracefully on his mat, and regarding—not with contempt, for that would have been too marked a feeling for conscious strength like his, but—with indifference, the angry grimalkin, who, with upraised back and stiffened tail, is swearing at the obstacle which she dare not attempt to overleap, but which, nevertheless, separates her from her darling offspring?

No. 19. *The dangerous Playmate.* W. Etty, R.A.—Dangerous, but delightful. A more exquisite gem in taste, colouring, and execution, we have never seen from Mr. Etty's pencil.

No. 5. *The Fortune-teller.* Thos. Clater.—In his rustic garb (if we may so term it), and in depicting the beauties of landscape scenery, we like this artist quite as much as when, in his representations of more polished life, he successfully emulates the wonderful truth with which the best Flemish painters imitated the silks and satins in which they so prodigally clothed their subjects. Whatever the gipsy in this pictorial drama may be telling, the performance itself tells well for Mr. Clater's powers.

No. 161. *The Fair Maid of Perth.* S. Bendizen.—The name is new to us. The work is a highly finished little cabinet picture, in light and effect much resembling the productions of Da Hoog.

No. 163. *The Mourner.* Charles Landseer.—A performance of deep pathos and interest. We have seen many very clever pictures by Mr. Charles Landseer, but none that appeared to us to be equal in merit to the present.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures. No. VI. "A LANDSCAPE," from a picture by Salvator Rosa, in the possession of Robert Ludgate, Esq., "Cephalus and Aurora," from a picture by Nicholas Poussin, bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mr. Cholmondeley; and "Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse," from the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of the Marquess of Westminster—are the plates contained in Mr. Major's present Number. We regret to say that they are executed in a very cold and dry manner.

The Right Hon. Lady Augusta Kennedy Erskine. T. A. Dean.

ONE of the ornaments of Mrs. Norton's Magazine: a good likeness of a very interesting lady, though we have seen finer specimens of art.

Memorials of Oxford. Edited by the Rev. J. Ingram, D.D., President of Trinity College; with Engravings by J. Le Keux, from original Drawings by F. Mackenzie. No. IV. Parker, Slatter, and Graham, Oxford; Tilt, London.

THIS Number completes the account and illustrations of the Cathedral and College of Christchurch. "The West Front," and the "Interior of the Hall," are pre-eminently beautiful. "The latter," the editor observes, "presents a most imposing appearance, being decorated with portraits of Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, and Queen Elizabeth, together with upwards of a hundred others, of men eminent in every department of church and state, who have been educated within the walls of this society, several of whom continue to be its living ornaments."

Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., with Portraits of the principal Female Characters. Part XIII. Chapman and Hall.

THE present Part contains, and the future Parts will contain, two portraits and three landscapes. "This alteration," the publishers state, "has been adopted in consequence of the very favourable reception the portraits have received, and in order that the whole of the principal female characters may be included." The portraits in the Part under our notice are, "Isabel Vere," from the pencil of Mr. Parris, and "Edith Bellenden," from that of Mr. Cattermole.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

In the wild Aboukir Bay
The Gallic fleet lay moored;
Their firm and fierce array
A gallant fight secured:
Like a meteor o'er the sea
Waved their famed tri-colour free,
And to Victory allured;
While a thousand guns below
Dash'd their lightning on the foe,
And their bolts in thunder poured!

A gulf of liquid flame
Blazed the ocean on their sight,
Whilst the British squadron came,
Calm, and voiceless in its might:
As the midnight's awful sleep,
Ere commingling tempests sweep
The forest from its height;
As that calm—preluding doom—
Ere an earthquake rends its womb—
And cities sink in night!

Still soundless o'er the wave
The ships of England veer;
Each deck is like a grave—
Not a whisper meets the ear;
Now, the fatal signals soar!—
Hark! their conquering cannon roar,
Till each foeman quails with fear;
Along the whirling tide
Flame the fleets—contending wide—
Like an Etna bursting near!

For Nelson! is the cry—
Our king—and native isle!
Let their masts in ruins lie,
Like Havock's funeral pile!
Down, down to death they go—
Full fifty fathom low,
'Neath the foe they dared revile;
Or, girt in British fire,
Shriek—shudder—and expire—
At the Battle of the Nile!

C. SWAIN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN ALBANIA.*

"Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were bred,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise;
And he, his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from the deeds of chivalrous emprise,
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken."

Corfu, August 11, 1832.

REPORTS having been received in Corfu that the cholera morbus had broken out in Yanina, and other towns in Albania, the lord high commissioner appointed a "commission" to proceed to Yanina, &c. in order to obtain more accurate information, and to observe the nature and progress of the disease. The commission consisted of two medical gentlemen, Dr. Pope, of the 51st regiment, and Signor Theriano, proto-medico of Corfu, and formerly, for many years, in the service of Ali Pacha. I obtained leave to accompany these gentlemen; and being furnished with letters by the government to Ameen Pacha at Yanina, and others, on the 11th, about two o'clock P.M., we commenced our journey, in the government sanita barge, and landed at the miserable dogana and hovel of Sayades about six o'clock, where, having procured nine ponies for ourselves, servants, guardians, and baggage, we continued our journey by moonlight to Philates, a Turkish village, and arrived there about eleven o'clock. Our dormitory was within the courtyard of a wretched khan, among horses and mules, cows and goats, wild-looking muleteers, and hosts of bugs and fleas, &c. &c.

12th.—Up *en route* at five A.M. through the beautiful valley of Keramitza. The tracks along the sides of the mountain which we had to pass are in many places not more than a foot and a half in breadth, and below which are tremendous ravines. About ten o'clock A.M. we arrived at another khan, situate at the bottom of a sterile valley, where the contents of our baskets were produced, and we breakfasted. Our muleteers were very curious in examining the contents of the teapot, which they pronounced to be a decoction of opium. These khans, though useful, are of a most miserable description, being merely an open quadrangle, into which all enter, horses, and cattle of every description. Sometimes there may be a room, but generally of so disgustingly filthy and dilapidated a nature that it is uninhabitable. Occasionally those of a better class have eggs, &c., but seldom any thing except rakee,—a strong distilled spirit. Two P.M. we proceeded. Our route lay along and over splendid mountains, till we came to the river Kalamas (Acheron), which is rapid, sometimes broad, and along its course the scenery wild and picturesque. About eight o'clock we halted in the valley of Sarachoritza, and bivouacked under a tree on the banks of the river, lighted our fires, made our supper, drank our grog, smoked our cigars, turned the horses loose, and slept soundly till three o'clock in the morning.

13th.—Proceeded on to Yanina, which we reached about noon. Yanina lies at the extremity of a long valley, bounded by lofty ranges of sterile mountains, and, in my eyes, had no very prepossessing appearance. The scenery from Sayades is often grand, and amply repays the traveller for the danger he incurs in threading the perilous tracks which form the roads; but the ponies, though small and of little promise, are beyond all conception sure-footed, and wind along the narrow passes with admirable agility. The country appears thinly peopled and little cultivated. We remained at the house of Signor Clerice, (who unites in his rubicund person the respective occupations of consul to the Ionian government, Austrian, French, Greek, &c.—the last of which are more honorary than profitable—and physician and druggist,) till our arrival was reported to the government, which appointed us quarters in the house of a Greek family. In all directions, Yanina presents ruins to the view. The windows of the houses are secured with bars of iron, which gives them the appearance of prisons; and besides which they are protected from the gaze of the curious by extremely close *jalousies*. In the evening a great number of first-rate Turks and Greeks, and some very pretty ladies, visited Dr. Theriano. The Greek secretary of his highness the Pacha also came; he is a young man, of much intelligence, and seemed well acquainted with European politics, and the present state of affairs in France, England, &c.

14th.—Dr. Pope and myself took the vapour-baths in the fortress, and underwent the usual ceremony of oriental cleansing. The bath is open to all who come, and who bathe at the same time. There does not appear to be much delicacy. At eleven o'clock, accompanied by Signor Clerice, we proceeded to the palace of the Vizier Ameen Pacha, son of the present grand vizier. It is situate in the fortress, and during the time of Ali Pacha was of vast extent; though already almost in total ruins. We mounted a crumbling flight of steps, and entered the palace; hundreds of Turks were loitering and lounging along the wooden corridors; many dirty ill-looking fellows smoking, fleaing, &c. &c. We first went to the office of the secretaries, where about a dozen scribes were at work, cross-legged, on the sofa: no table or chairs are ever used or seen; but they sit, their legs doubled under them, on the divan, and the paper, supported on the palm of the left hand, is thus written upon with a reed pen. Our arrival having been announced, we proceeded to visit his highness. On entering the room there were about twenty attendants standing, bare-footed, at the end, all armed with richly embossed pistols and yatagan, stuck in an ornamental belt round the waist; and at the further end Ameen Pacha. The apartment was about thirty feet long and twelve wide, the upper end surrounded with the divan. It contained no furniture but a carpet and the cloth-covered divan, which is a dais, raised about a foot and a half from the floor, and about five feet wide from the wall, piled with cushions, on mounting which the slippers are taken off:—the only ornaments were two French clocks. The Pacha is about twenty-two years of age, with a fine Turkish countenance; he was smoking an extremely long cherry-stick pipe, with a beautiful amber diamond ornamented mouth-piece. After we were seated on the divan, Dr. Theriano produced the lord high commissioner's letter, which the secretary, standing at five feet from him, handed to the Pacha, who, not being learned in any Christian tongue, returned it to the secretary, to be translated into Turkish. This was done in so low a voice that it was scarcely audible: indeed all the people addressed his *mightiness* in almost a whisper,—touching the left breast and forehead frequently during the address. Pipes were immediately brought in, and a small cup, containing about a large table-spoonful of strong sugarless coffee, handed to each. Upon a signal, made by clapping the hands twice, all the attendants, except one, a Moor, retired. The nature of the "commission" being explained, the Pacha promised every facility in promoting its object. He paid some compliments to the military part of the company, observing, that "*les messieurs au service d'Angleterre* were generally *plus distingués* than common,"—but he spoke little. The Turkish language, pronounced by a fine voice, such as his, has a grand and lofty sound. We retired in about half an hour. His highness has the character of being a debauchee. From the audience we returned to the secretaries, and pipes and coffee; then to the divan of the bamlech, or colonel of his highness's regiment of tactics. Again pipes and coffee, and ice. After leaving the fortress, we visited a bey of distinction, whose wife is the grand-daughter of Ali Pacha. Here a tray, with sweet preserved fruit and goblets of water, and *one* spoon, was handed round, prior to the pipes and coffee. In the afternoon we had a call from the Greek archbishop; and at six dined with Signor Clerice.

15th.—We inspected the military and civil hospitals, which are comfortless, filthy dens. No regular medical man attends; and the few sick who enter them are soon put out of pain by the scientific nostrums of a Jew quack. From these abodes of misery we visited the public schools, which are well attended and free; they are on the Lancasterian system. Thence we strolled through the bazars, in about a dozen narrow streets, darkened by the few projecting roofs; where the various goods are exposed in open wooden booths. The principal manufacture of Yanina is embroidery, of which we saw some beautiful specimens. In the afternoon we mounted the horses, which had been sent for our use from the Serai, and went out of the town to view the sham-fight and evolutions of the tactics, in the plain by which we had arrived. The soldiers, if they can be so called, are all but boys, appeared half starved, and were habited in a miserable and unmilitary sort of uniform. The drill was any thing but *Torrens*: however, they fired away to their seeming delight, and the apparent satisfaction of Ameen Pacha, who galloped about, followed by thirty mounted heroes firing pistols at each other's horses. The artillery, of which there were six pieces stationed in different situations, was

* At a time when peculiar interest is attached to the destinies of the Turkish provinces, we are indebted to a military friend for the following Journal of a very recent tour in one of them, Albania,—likely to play an important part in the great drama now on foot.—*Ed. L. G.*

pretty well served, and *fired shot*. After the victory was gained, both parties piled arms in line; and now commenced a furious scramble for the apples, pears, melons, &c. that his highness flung among them; after which his own carpet was spread *sur le champ de bataille*, his robes of ermine were brought him, and his pipe and coffee, and ice. About seven o'clock we dined with the *ci-devant* Greek secretary of the grand vizier, who, having an ample fortune, prefers enjoying it in safety, *ex officio*. The outside of his mansion presented a forbidding appearance—immense walls of rough masonry, without windows, or other openings to relieve it from its prison aspect; however, on entering the large fortress-like gates, the scene changes. Inside is a garden, and, mounting the steps, a large and handsome open gallery, or corridor; at the further end of which was the divan. Being seated, sweet preserves and water were handed round, followed by a small glass of liquor; then long napkins were thrown over our knees, and one attendant brought a large metal sort of basin with soap, whilst another poured tepid water over the hands, and a third presented a fine napkin to dry them. After these operations were concluded, we sat down to a table, on chairs, and commenced those of gastronomy. The dinner was conducted as among ourselves, excepting that each dish was placed on the table separately, about forty of which succeeded each other in rapid order: we had excellent fish from the lake, and all the cookery was admirable; one dish especially, the *summum bonum* among the Turks, and which requires great trouble and much scientific art to prepare (I do not remember its nomenclature), consists of about a hundred flat cakes, seasoned in a delicious manner; the ingredients of which I could not discover; but so finely are they rolled out, that the whole, being laid one upon the other, does not make the dish thicker than an inch. Not being well versed in the conduct of their dinners, I made a hearty meal of the first six plates; yet, having observed that it was not *manners* to refuse any thing, I found myself, on the appearance of the twenty-ninth dish, completely *hors de combat*. I was at length done up; when, to my exhausted delight, a message was brought from the redolent regions below, demanding what other dishes should be prepared. The boy, I suppose, had noticed our crammed condition, took pity, and ordered dessert; a glass of liquor was very appropriately administered, and after the bottle had circulated a few times, we retired to the divan, and pipes and coffee. This variety and number of dishes is considered essential; but, for the information of future travellers, it may be as well to mention, that it is not expected every thing put on the plate will be consumed—and I have further to mention, that some of the best dishes enter last.

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

The Vocal Concerts (say, ye old concert-goers, is there not a charm in the very name?) proceed with increasing excellence, and increasing success too, if we may judge from the numerical addition to the audience at the Hanover-square Rooms on Monday evening last. This, the third concert of the season, was much superior to the two preceding ones. Previous to the performance, an apology was made by Mr. E. Taylor for the absence of Mrs. Bishop, which was some drawback on our pleasurable anticipations; but we were much consoled by seeing Mr. Vaughan in his place; and Leo's noble choral fugue beginning immediately after, soon chased away all gloom, and raised our spirits quite up to *concert-pitch*.

Callcott's glee, "O! snatch me swift," was beautifully sung by Miss Massan and Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan, Bellamy, and Atkins. A word more of Miss Massan, as it is her first appearance at these concerts. It is some five or six years since we heard this young lady sing, just at the beginning of her musical career; and the immense improvement manifested in her performance on Monday night, evinces energy and industry of no common order. She sang the very difficult *cantata*, "Non temer," with a musician-like ease, and a smooth and highly-finished execution, that were duly appreciated by the audience. To great volume of voice she unites what is rare in such a case, a correct intonation. Let her, however, beware of an occasional tendency to a guttural tone, often the accompanying defect of deep voices, but one which a little care and perseverance can always remove. Much praise is due to her manner of singing Mrs. Bishop's part in Mozart's duet, "Fra gli amplessi," when we consider that she was unprepared for it. The same remark applies to Miss Clara Novello, who, without previous study, sang the stirring solo, "Now tramp," very effectively. Miss Cecilia Novello, a sister of the young *débutante*, came forward to supply Mrs. Bishop's place in Cimarosa's trio from "Il Matrimonia Segreto." As she sang pleasingly, and had moreover an agreeable vivacious countenance and unassuming manner, the thing went off exceedingly well. Miss Clara Novello's part in Haydn's difficult quartet, "Virgin Madre," though sung in a manner to reflect the highest credit on her musical acquirements, was almost beyond her physical power: there was a forcing of the voice in some of the higher notes that destroyed much of her usual sweetness of tone. As we expect great things hereafter from this interesting young vocalist, we should particularly regret hearing her voice exercised in any thing at all likely to overstrain it. No such remark, however, applies to any of the rest of her performance.

In Mozart's solo and quartet, "Mater amabilis," she sang most delightfully. Beethoven's sacred song, "Oppress'd with grief," (the words translated by Mr. E. Taylor,) is a composition of exquisite beauty; and Mr. Vaughan's manner of singing it was a perfect model of unaffected pathos and purity of style.

Mr. E. Taylor sang, "with emphasis and good discretion," his own new song, "Despair;" and it gave much pleasure, though the subject was a grim one. The composition is good, and the orchestral accompaniments particularly beautiful. Mr. Bennett, who is well known as a public singer, made his first appearance at these concerts on this occasion, and charmed all good judges by his finished and expressive style of singing his part in the duet with Miss Massan, "Fra gli amplessi." To Nenkomm's song, "The Sea Rover," he gave its appropriate expression of bold defiance, yet it was followed by very faint applause: whether this coldness on the part of the audience was meant for the song or the singer, we cannot exactly determine. Walmisley's glee, "I wish to tune my quiv'ring lyre," (the words a translation from Anacreon, by Lord Byron,) is a most delightful composition, and ought to place its author in the very first class of glee-writers. It was very beautifully sung by Messrs. Hawkins, Horncastle, Bennett, and Chapman. The madrigals are deservedly decided favourites at these concerts, and are always *encored*. One of the great treats of the evening was Willman's clarionet solo, a charming composition by Weber, giving ample scope for the display of all the accomplished performer's excellencies.

We must not entirely forget our little friend, Master Home, who sang very sweetly Clifton's glee, "A blossom wreath," with Messrs. Terrail, Hobbs, and Chapman. This child appears to be not more than eight years old, and does great credit to his instructor, Mr. Turle, who presides here at the organ and piano-forte, alternately with Mr. Goss. We ought ere this to have rendered honour due to Mr. Turle for his very able manner of conducting the madrigals; but it is impossible to escape some sins of omission where there is so much to commend.

The superannuated Ancient Concert has already been aroused from its slumbers by the active exertions of its young and vigorous rival; the subscription is lowered, and among the other changes talked of is the introduction of one act of modern music. Bravo! so much for a little wholesome opposition.

DRAMA.

In the committee appointed by the House of Commons last year, there was much of inquiry respecting the regular and legitimate drama, which now appears to have been a pretty considerable d—— ridiculous waste of time; since, had the members only waited till the present season, they would have discovered that there was, in reality, no regular, legitimate, or national drama to inquire about. That fudge, which has long been on the decline, like the other idea, living on assertion, that the stage was a school of morals! is now completely up; and we may satisfy ourselves that the Elephant, and the Lions of the Mysore, were only indications of the downward march of theatres, from a class in literature, to the exhibition of pageants, shows, monsters, meretricious beauty, and legs.

During the autumn, M. Laporte made an extra campaign with agreeable and well-acted French pieces, and with the still more attractive limbs of Taglioni. This inroad has led to the extension of the licenses to the Haymarket and the (we are glad to say re-building) English Opera House. But it opened the way to yet stranger changes and innovations, which have finally resolved tragedy and comedy, at the theatres royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden, into opera and ballet performances, and "his majesty's servants" into foreign subjects of every state on the continent. Spanish, German, French, Italian, Swiss, Dutch, Belgians, Poles, and, for aught we know, Russians, Bulgarians, Turks, and Tartars. It is said, we know, that such things as draw are naturally produced by lessees, whose fortunes are at stake; but we deny the premises. At neither of the great houses is there an effective company for tragedy or comedy; and one third of the money lavished on foreign artists, as they call themselves, would employ native talent to an extent which would render the plays of Shakespeare, and his most popular successors, sources of delight to the public, and of prosperity to the proprietors. But instead of this, instead, say, of an expense of two hundred pounds a-night to produce the genuine drama as it ought to be, there is an expense of double that amount for troops of dancers, which no reasonable receipts can reimburse; and then we hear of the hard case of managers, and the want of public encouragement to the perverted stage. The managers, truly, have cause of complaint!

when it would seem that couriers were a fitter name for them. Management was wont to imply the direction of the theatre, a well-digested plan for the season—novelties to succeed, if novelties failed—and a watchful competition in providing the best actors and the best plays. But now it is race to Paris against race to Paris, and extravagant scheme against extravagant scheme. If you want to know where a manager is, you will find him upon the road at Dover or Calais, running to bribe or returning from bribing some second or third rate pirouetter, to exhibit herself for six weeks, at a cost which, in other days, would have engaged a Siddons or a Jordan to astonish and charm us by their magic powers for a whole twelvemonth. No wonder that dramatic property verges on ruin, and that the public are sick of the stage—that those who used formerly to fill the theatres now never enter their doors—and that the minor places of entertainment reap all the profits attendant upon the production of pieces fit and appropriate for their relative condition.

Drury Lane.—On Tuesday, *Don Juan* was brought out, with the whole of Mozart's music, and some splendid scenery by Stanfield. The orchestra was fine and effective; and the opera strongly, though not very judiciously cast—*Juan*, Braham; *Leperello*, H. Phillips; *Octavio*, Templeton; *Pedro*, Bedford; *Masetto*, Seguin; *Anna*, De Meric; *Elvira*, Miss Betts; and *Zerlina*, Mrs. Wood. A sort of O. P. row introduced this harmony with a scene of discord, owing to the abridgment of the front of the pit; which had been converted into stalls, at half-a-guinea per seat. After half an hour's confusion (the same being repeated on Thursday) the opera was suffered to proceed; and there were many parts of it admirably sung. As a whole, however, there were also many obvious defects; upon which we shall probably take another opportunity of dwelling, when we have heard it again, without the jarring accompaniment of noise and riot. With regard to the stalls, we understood, on Thursday night, that the front seat of the pit was to be restored to the usual public; and that the ends of the orchestra alone were to be made exclusive, *ex cathedrâ*. The attempt to do more was not wise, at a time when it is very generally thought that all the prices of admission are too high; and there have been discussions on the expediency of lowering them.

The *Juan* bill, on its second page—for the announcements now-a-days require two pages—promises us the ballet entitled *La Belle au Bois dormant*, or, in English (which, by the by, is scarcely to be heard spoken about any of our national theatres at present), the Sleeping Beauty; with "an unprecedented number of coryphées and figurants," not to particularise Mlle. Duvernay, a very pretty danseuse; Mlle. Augusta, ditto; Mlle. Ancellin, M. Paul, and others of higher repute for agility. This ballet is of course produced, not because ballet is most suitable to Drury Lane, but in opposition to Covent Garden, where *Masaniello* has drawn full houses, and where Laporte has also his crowds of coryphées, figurants, French women, &c. &c. &c. bespoke for the service and amusement of the Bull family; and where, also, we have *Kenilworth* opposed to the *Sleeping Beauty*; while De Meric, H. Phillips, &c. &c. are advertised by the rival house, as if they belonged to every theatre in London. In short, the difference between the national theatres and the Italian Opera, with the new German auxiliaries, is hardly a shade.

Covent Garden.—On Tuesday and Thursday, because *Don Juan*, by Mr. Beazeley, was at Drury Lane on these nights, this theatre presented us with a melo-drame from the pen of Mr. Peake, called the *Smuggler Boy*. It is full of business; and being very cleverly performed, deserves as much praise as a production of its unpretending sort can hope to obtain. The burden lies on the shoulders of Warde, G. Bennett, Haines, and Miss Taylor, in the more serious scenes; and upon Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and little Miss Poole, in those of humour mixed with natural feeling. Keeley's drollery is very laughable, especially where he is tarred and feathered in a frolic by the smugglers; and Miss Poole makes a capital Devilskin imp among her rough companions in the free-trade line. The others we have named sustained their respective characters ably; and with Miss Sidney, Egerton, Durnset, &c., contributed to obtain for the *Smuggler Boy* an attentive interest and successful finale.

Olympic.—*The Cook and the Secretary*, a piece from the French, in which, under a different name, Liston has already excited many a hearty laugh at the Haymarket, has been added to the varieties of this amusing theatre, with complete success. The pretty Miss Crawford performs *Maria*, and looks as sweet as any of the cook's sweetbreads.

Adelphi.—£20,000, *or Love in London*, has been produced here, and, interposed between the ever-popular *Quixote* and the burlesque *Othello*, serves well enough to diversify the entertainments. The story consists of the adventures of two country lovers, each possessed of £20,000, who, on coming to town, are almost separated by the schemes of a heartless fop (admirably portrayed by Yates), but ultimately joined together, the result of overhearing a conversation which exposes the plots upon their fortune. Mrs. Yates, Miss Daly, Hemmings, and Buckstone, have good parts, and make the most of them.

The Opera.—We hate postponements—it is like stumbling on the threshold; but so it is, the Opera season cannot commence to-morrow.

VARIETIES.

Catalani.—A letter from a friend at Florence, of the 22d ultimo, mentions, among other of the enjoyments there, an occasional visit to the fine villa of Catalani, "whose voice and beauty of person (he adds) have scarcely lost any thing since I heard her, seventeen years ago, at the Hague, and who now enjoys the *otium cum dignitate*, respected and courted by all, and even more estimable for her frank friendship of manner, and perfect freedom from every species of pride or affectation, than her great talents, which she never exercises but at her own house, for the gratification of her friends." It is pleasing to hear such an account of one who has afforded us so much delight.

The Melodists' Club commenced its meetings for the season at Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday, last week, under the presidency of Lord Burghersh. Several musical novelties were produced, and the entertainment went off well; though, with the exception of a beautiful Scotch ballad, sung by Wilson, without any very prominent feature.

Astronomy.—Sir J. Herschel has finished his series of calculations on the double stars, and is about to set out for the Cape of Good Hope, to pursue the inquiry in another latitude.

Embarrassing Answer.—"Come here, little girl; thou knowest thy Decalogue," said Mrs. Fry to a white-headed, chubby-cheeked child, of about nine years of age, "What art thou enjoined by the fourth commandment?" "Murder, ma'am, if you please."

M. Dacier.—We have just received intelligence of the death of the illustrious M. Dacier, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres at Paris, on Feb. 4, at the age of ninety-one.

Frederick Konig, of Eisleben, the inventor of the steam printing-press, died on the 18th of January at Obergell, near Wurzburg; where, in conjunction with M. Bauer, he had a large manufactory of these important engines.

The Abbotsford Subscription.—We have much pleasure in referring to the progress of the Abbotsford Subscription among our Advertisements to-day, even though the general election and other important public matters have occupied attention almost exclusively. It is gratifying to find the compatriots of Scott in the northern capital, after having secured their lesser local object, imitating so heartily in this noble design; and it is a proud compliment to our illustrious countryman to find a youthful Queen of Spain not only contributing to an object in Britain, through her representative, the Chevalier de Cordoba (himself distinguished in the paths of literature), but opening a subscription at Madrid for the advancement of a foreign tribute to genius.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Black Death, translated from the German, by B. G. Babington, M.D.

A third volume of the History of the Church of England, by the late Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Frank Orby, 3 vols. 12mo. 24s. bds.—Bakewell's Philosophical Conversations, 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Bird's Emigrant's Tale, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Dr. Boot's Life of Dr. Armstrong, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Blunt's Paul, Part II. 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Time's Telescope for 1833, 8vo. 9s. bds.—The Lady's Own Cookery Book, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Sketch-book of Fashion, by the Author of "Mothers and Daughters," 3 vols. post 8vo. 28s. 6d. bds.—Excerpta Historica, or Illustrations of English History, royal 8vo. 21s. bds.—Quin's Trade of Banking in England, 12mo. 10s. bds.—Elijah, by the Author of "Balaam," 12mo. 4s. bds.—Major's Greek Vocabulary, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sbp.—The London Medical and Surgical Journal, Vol. II. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Withering's Arrangement of British Plants, by M'Gillivray, second edition, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—York's Tables of the Weight, &c. of Wrought Iron, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Words of Truth, by the Author of the "Well-spent Hour," 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—The Epigrammatist's Annual, 32mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Girdlestone's Commentary on the New Testament, Part II. 8vo. 9s. bds.; Vol. I. 8vo. complete, 18s. bds.—Nutt's Practical Directions for the Management of Honey-Bees, 12mo. 10s. bds.—Mundell's Review of the Reviewers of Publications on the Bank Charter in the Edinburgh Review, 8vo. 6d. sewed.—Swan on the Nerves, Part III. 3l. 13s. 6d.—Ward's Events of the Little Book and Seventh Trumpet, Vol. I. 8vo. 4s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A reporter, casually employed by one of our regular dramatic critics during his own temporary absence, imposed a notice of an oratorio upon us last week, which, though rehearsed, was not performed. Whether designedly, or through carelessness, we cannot determine; but the annoyance shews that, even with extreme vigilance, the editor of a periodical may sometimes be led into error. We need hardly add, that the party can never hope for another guinea from the *L. G.* which, in truth, never, during many years, paid fifty in this common way, and never one without cause for repentance. On remonstrating, our worthy attempts to tell us, that he meant the performances of the Chamber at Paris; and indeed his language is equivocal, that he might almost mean any thing.

We have much more satisfaction in correcting another mistake: our excellent and esteemed friend Archdeacon Pott yet enjoys fair health at the age of 76: it was his elder brother who recently died.

We cannot trouble ourselves with the dispute about the titles of an Army and Navy Newspaper: if wanted at all, let the best be the most successful.

*** We have received very many communications this week too late for publication; and are indeed obliged to postpone several articles meant for immediate publicity, as well as a number of advertisements standing over for this month past.

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"The deep sorrow excited by the death of Sir Walter Scott, and the unbounded admiration of his virtues and his talents, produced an immediate and intense desire throughout Scotland to raise a monument to him in the metropolis of his native land, the place of his education, and the city of his residence; where his varied, rich, and natural conversation had been the never-failing charm of society. The subscriptions for this object (which are still going on) began in Edinburgh, on the 5th of October, 1832, and amount now to a sum sufficient to secure the erection of a most splendid monument. The Abbotsford subscription began in London on the 9th of November, and is in progress there and in various parts of England.

"The preservation of Abbotsford in Sir Walter Scott's family, as it stood at his death, is known to have been an object of his latest and most anxious care; but the uncertain security which the ordinary course of the law affords for perpetuating property (heritable as well as movable) has been increased in the case of Abbotsford, by the pecuniary embarrassments which assailed its late owner in 1826. From that time (the last five years of his life) he strove with all the native vigour of his mind, and with a pure integrity, which adds to the lustre of his great name, to satisfy all who had claims upon him. His mighty intellect, under pressure which would have crushed a weaker spirit to the earth, laboured to discharge incumbrances, and he had the satisfaction to see them extinguished to the amount of 70,000*l.* Those which remained (not less than 50,000*l.*) have, since his death, been put in a train of settlement, by the application of funds which his unrivalled invention had created, or which his provident foresight had secured.

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